

Attention!
— In This Issue!

BLUE BOLT ★ EDISON BELL ★ SERGEANT SPOOK ★ *January* ▲

BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE
BOLT



**LET'S GO
OVER THE TOP
WITH DICK COLE!!**

Vol. 2 No. 8



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**Cordially,
The Editors**

Dear Sirs:

I think that it is hard for boys and girls who follow Blue Bolt to know when each issue will be on sale. I suggest that you should put a little space on the inside cover telling when the next issue will be on sale.

There are so many other kinds of comic books on the market it is hard to tell when the next issue will be on the newsstands.

Yours truly,
Robert Roas
Los Angeles, California

—(Blue Bolt goes on sale the second Wednesday in every month, Robert.)

* * * *

Dear Sirs:

I have read many comic magazines and I think Blue Bolt is one of the best. Blue Bolt has the only editors' page I like, and I like it because I see different people's opinions.

I believe that Kriska and Jasper should stay right where they are because some comedy is needed. I like Super Horse the least, and Phantom Sub the most because I am interested in boats and I don't think we get enough of them. After all if we didn't have them we wouldn't be considered well armed. I would like the invention page to continue for I find it very interesting.

Blue Bolt's friend today and always,
Cintra Blue
Russells Point, Ohio

—(Kriska and Jasper will not only "stay right where they are" Cintra, but they will also be "going places" each month. They're great favorites now.)

* * * *

Dear Editors:

Blue Bolt is tops with me because of its clear drawings and exciting stories.

Dick Cole and the Blue Bolt occupy my interest most. Sub-Zero and Twister take a close second. The Edison Bell Inventions Page is both interesting and edycational. All in all, Blue Bolt is one swell magazine.

Yours truly,
David Horowitz
New York, New York

—(We are glad you notice the quality and the "clearness" of our art work, David.)

* * * *

Dear Sirs:

Kriska and Jasper have made me almost split my sides laughing at their dumb but somehow clever doings. I would like to see what would happen when they mixed with a mad professor. My other favorites — Blue Bolt, the Twister, and Dick Cole, all go to make up a perfect comic book.

Yours truly,
Bob Comfort
Toledo, Ohio

—(It would be a "mad" strip, all right, with a mad professor and Kriska and Jasper, but your idea is just the opposite from "mad", Bob.)

* * * *

Dear Editors:

Of all the comic books I have read, I think Blue Bolt is best, but you should have some contests. Your variety is good. The Edison Bell story is best because of the swell things to make. How about a project on a small radio.

I hope that you keep Kriska and Jasper because a comic adds popularity to any magazine.

Yours truly,
Ernest Brown
Wilmington, Mass.

—(What kind of contest would you suggest, Ernest?)

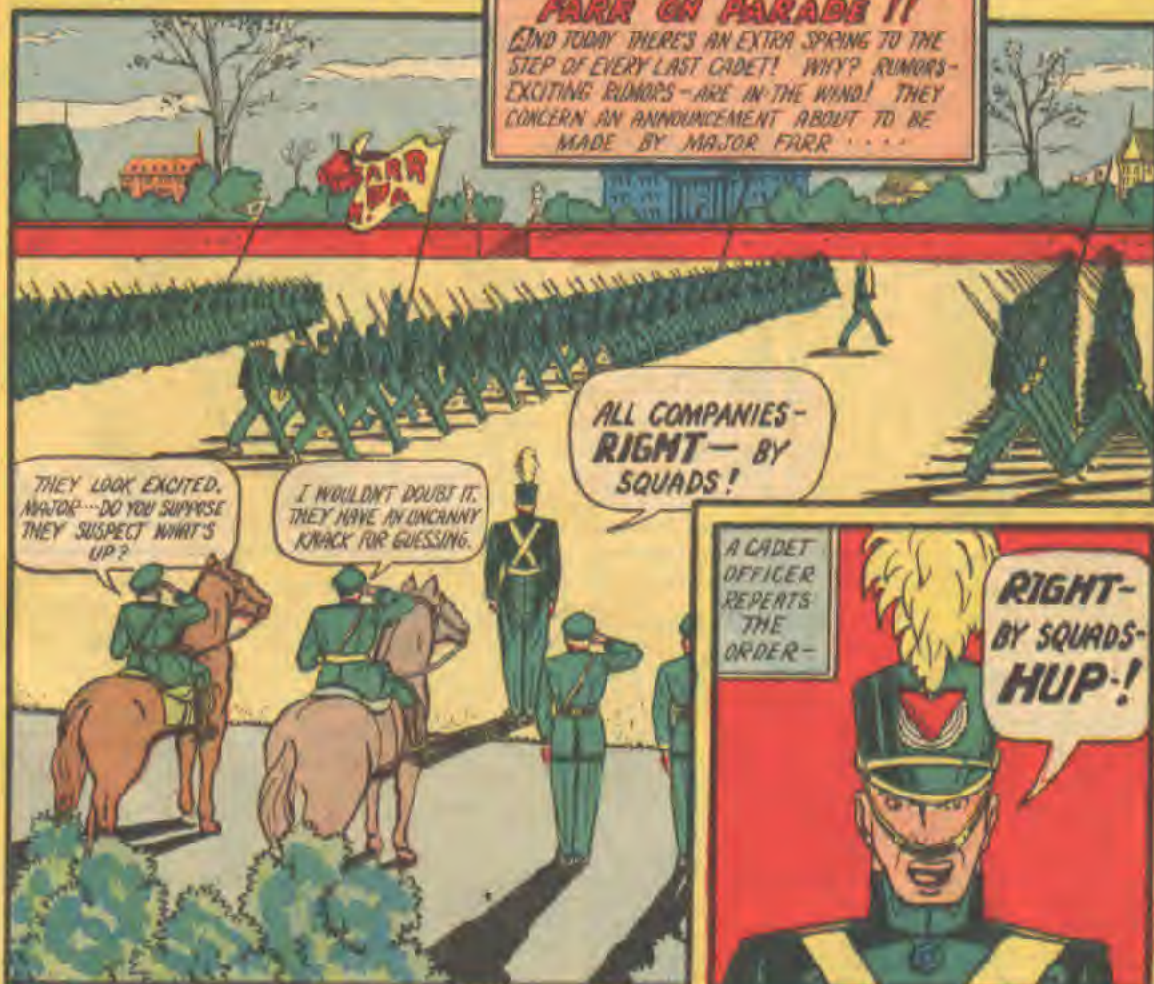
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

BOY!

By
Bob Davis

FARR ON PARADE !!

AND TODAY THERE'S AN EXTRA SPRING TO THE STEP OF EVERY LAST CADET! WHY? RUMORS- EXCITING RUMORS- ARE IN THE WIND! THEY CONCERN AN ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT TO BE MADE BY MAJOR FARR . . .



THEY LOOK EXCITED, MAJOR... DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY SUSPECT WHAT'S UP?

I WOULDN'T DOUBT IT. THEY HAVE AN UNCANNY KNACK FOR GUESSING.

ALL COMPANIES-
RIGHT- BY
SQUADS!

A CADET
OFFICER
REPEATS
THE
ORDER-

RIGHT-
BY SQUADS-
HUP-!

BLUE BOLT, Vol. 2, No. 8, January 1942, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P.O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright, 1941, by Funnies Incorporated, New York, N. Y., U.S.A. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U.S.A. Entered as Second-Class Matter March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under the Act of March 3, 1879. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine.

DICK COLE, A
GRANT LIEUTENANT,
STANDS AT THE
HEAD OF HIS
COMPANY....



WOW-!
WAR GAMES!
THIS WILL BE
SOMETHING!

CADETS, THESE GAMES ARE OF VAST
IMPORTANCE TO YOUR TRAINING AS
AMERICA'S FUTURE MILITARY DEFENDERS!
YOU WILL TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY, AND
ACT AS SOLDIERS SHOULD!!



FIGHT HARD AND BRAVELY—BUT
HONORABLY! OFFICERS OF THE U.S.
ARMY WILL ACT AS JUDGES...AND
MAY THE BEST SCHOOL WIN!!

A 2ND DAY MARCHING
PITON WILL BE GIVEN
EACH MAN TOMORROW
AT 6 A.M....UNTIL
THEN—**RANKS
DISMISSED!**



SLEEPFULLY THE CADETS BREAK RANK....

WHOOPEE!

HOLDEN HERE
WE COME!

YE-OW!



NOT STUFF-
ER, DICK? WE'LL
MURDER 'EM!

DON'T BE TOO SURE,
SIMBA...THESE SHAM
BATTLES AREN'T
CHILD'S PLAY!

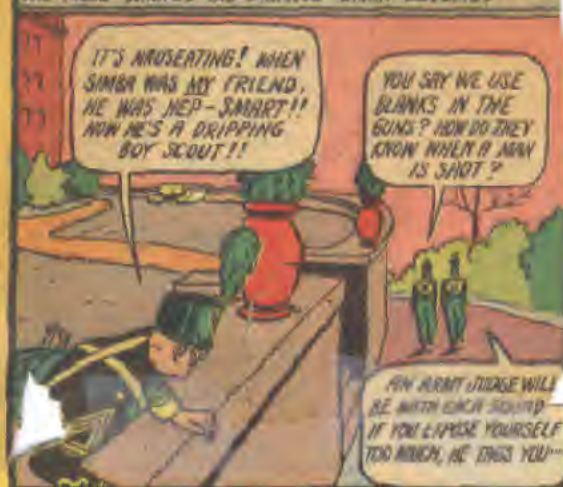
THE GANG
ARE JUSTLY
TOWARD THE
DORMS, JACK
BRYTON, SIMBAS
FORGER PAL—
(BEFORE SIMBA
TURNED STRAIGHT)
WHITES DICK
AND SIMBA
HIDING TOGETHER—
THE OLD
GREEN HORNO
OF DEARLOUSY
ON HIS
HEART...

LOOK AT 'EM—
THE TWO WONDER
BOYS—PLAYING
TOGETHER LIKE
TWO SICK PUPS!
THE DOPES! THE
ROTTEN LITTLE
DOPES!

THEY
MAKE ME
SICK!



THE MORE RAYTON THINKS ABOUT SIMBA AND DICK'S FRIENDSHIP,
THE MORE WIPED HIS STRANGE BRAIN BECOMES . . .



IT'S ANNOYING! WHEN
SIMBA WAS MY FRIEND,
HE WAS NEP-SMART!!
NOW HE'S A DRIPPING
BOY SCOUT!!

YOU SAY WE USE
BLANKS IN THE
GUNS? HOW DO THEY
KNOW WHEN A MAN
IS SART?

FIN ARMY UTOUSE WILL
BE WITH EACH SOLDIER
IF YOU EXPOSE YOURSELF
TOO MUCH, HE TING YOU--



HOLY CATS!
LUCKY I HAD
THIS SHAKO
ON! LOOK
AT IT!

UP THERE!
SOMEBODY SHOVED
THAT POT
OVER! AND--



--BY GOSH, I'M GOING TO
FIND OUT WHO!



PANICKY, RAYTON RACES OFF--

THE
SNEAK--

HEY--YOU--!
HOLD UP--!
WAIT!

GO TO
THE DEVIL!



SIMBA MAKES ONE SUPER LEAP--

I SAID, WAIT!
AND I MEANT IT!
WHAT'S THE IDEA?
PUSHING THAT POT
OVER?

AWK! LEMME GO!



I GOT A NOTION
TO PUSH THAT BEAK
OF YOURS RIGHT
THROUGH THAT
PAN! YOU WANTA
KILL SOMEBODY--
OR--

LISTEN TO HIM!! THE
CAMPFIRE GIRL! I THOUGHT
YOU HATED DICK COLE! NOW
LOOK AT YOU! TRIPPING
AFTER HIM LIKE A POOR
STOUGE! **BAH-H-N-!**

IS JEALOUSY
AND FLAME...
G ME ASIDE
WANT! I WON'T
GET EVEN
USE TWO
MEMOR!
I'LL -

THE NEXT MORNING DAWNS CLEAR
AND BRIGHT... DICK IS THE FIRST
TO BE READY TO MARCH...

HEY-EDDIE, SIMBA! C'MON!
LET'S GET
GOING! IT'S
BATTLE
DAY!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER SEVEN, THE FARR ARMY
IS ON THE MARCH - FRESH, GAY, AND RARING TO GO!

A-MARCHIN'
WE WILL GO-

A-MARCHIN'
WE WILL GO-

THEY SAY HOLDEN
HAS MORE ARTILLERY
THAN WE DO...

GOODBYE
HOLDEN!

WE MEET THE FIERCE
FOE ABOUT TEN MILES
FROM HERE--

BOY-
WHAT A
LIFE!

WHILE HOLDEN, GUNS BRISTLING, APPROACHES THE
BATTLE TERRAIN FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...

LOOK OUT,
OLD FARR!

HERE COMES THE
HOLDEN BLITZ!

AT A GIVEN POINT, THE TWO ARMIES HALT, FACING EACH OTHER,
AND READY FOR WAR... THE COMMANDERS OF BOTH SCHOOLS MEET
IN THE MIDDLE GROUND FOR A LAST CONFERENCE...

MY CADET OFFICERS HAVE PLANNED
ALL THEIR OWN FIELD STRATEGY,
COLONEL HOLDEN, AND
ARE READY TO
BEGIN!

MINE, TOO, MAJOR FARR... AND
NOW, WITH YOUR PERMISSION WE'LL
BLOW THE BATTLE SIGNAL...
CAPTAIN-THE BLAST!

RIGHT,
SIR!

SERGEANT HALE!
THE SIGNAL -
FIRE!

THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION--

BOOM!

"AND THE BATTLE IS ON!! BOTH SIDES BEGIN A FANTASTIC KUSH FOR POSSESSION OF THE JAMAL RIVER THAT SEPARATES THEM - A POSITION OF VAST STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE -- ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, IT BECOMES APPARENT THAT HOLDEN WILL CAPTURE IT-- DUE TO SUPERIOR COVER FOR ADVANCING--"

WE'RE MAKING IT!

FARR WILL NEVER GET ACROSS THAT WIDE CLEARING!



EACH CADET WEARS A NUMBER--WHEN AN ARMY JUDGE CALLS IT OUT, THE CADET MUST FALL AS IF DEAD--



FROM THE FIRST, IT LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE FOR FARR--TO GAIN THE RIVER, THEY MUST EXPOSE THEMSELVES COMPLETELY IN THE WIDE CLEARING--

THE MORE THEY ATTEMPT TO STORM THE POSITION--THE MORE MEN THEY LOSE--WHEN A MAN IS CALLED SHOT HE MUST RETIRE FROM THE GAME--



APPROACHING THE RIVER FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE PRODUCES THE SAME DIRE RESULTS FOR FARR--MEN ARE ELIMINATED LIKE FLIES IN A GAS-HOUSE--



THE FARR HIGH COMMAND--CONSISTING OF FARR SENIOR CADETS--FINALLY SEES THE FUTILITY OF THE DRIVE, DECIDES TO CHANGE TACTICS--



VERY GOOD, SIR!

SO, WITH THE COMING OF DARKNESS, THE BATTLE SUBSIDES—
GLADLY, THE FARR BOYS DISCUSS THEIR TEMPORARY DEFENT—



WE'RE STILL
IN A MESS—

WE'VE LOST
OVER A QUARTER
OF OUR MEN
TO DAY!

LIEUTENANT COLE,
YOU'RE WANTED AT
HEADQUARTERS TENT,
IMMEDIATELY!

RIGHTO—
ORDERLY

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT FIELD HEADQUARTERS—WHERE
JACK RAYTON IS ONE OF THE CADET SENIOR OFFICERS—



LIEUTENANT COLE, WE
WANT YOU TO LEAD A
PATROL IN THE CAPTURE
OF RIVER POINT I-E
TONIGHT! CAN YOU
MAKE IT?

I THINK
SO, SIR...

THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT POINT,
COLE... IF WE GET IT, WE CAN DRIVE
ON HILL E TOMORROW—AND POSSIBLY
LURE HOLDEN INTO A TRAP... TAKE
FIVE MEN AND A
RUBBER BOAT...
GOOD LUCK!



RIGHT, SIR
THANK YOU,
SIR!

AS DICK LEAVES THE TENT, RAYTON'S
JEALOUSY SURGES THROUGH HIS MIND
BRAIN AGAIN—NEAR THE BREAKING POINT...



LITTLE PUNK—THERE HE
GOES FOR MORE ROTTEN GLORY—
AND I SUPPOSE HE'LL TAKE THAT
STOGE, SIMBA, WITH HIM!!

RAYTON IS RIGHT... DICK PICKS SIMBA,
LUKE, AND THREE OTHERS FOR HIS PATROL—
QUIETLY, THEY HEAD FOR THE RIVER...



NOW WE'RE TALKING!
NOW WE'RE DOING SOMETHING,
PAL!

RIGHT!

"BUT
DON'T TALK
TOO BLASTED
LOUD, PAL!"



SO FAR
WE'RE IN
LUCK!

THEY'RE CAMPED JUST
BEYOND THAT THICKET!
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE 'EM
BY SURPRISE!

SILENTLY, THE SIX BOYS
PADDLE ACROSS THE
DARK STREAM...

GAINING THE SHORE, THEY
LEAP INTO THE BRUSH...



NOW WE DO
IT, MATES!

EDDIE, YOU AND THE
BOYS START SHOOTING!
SIMBA, YOU AND I'LL GIVE
'EM A WONDER-BOY
BLITZ!

ABRUPTLY, THE HOLDEN POST LEAPS TO LIFE!
THE GRACKLE OF RIFLES CUTS THE AIR!
AN ATTACK!



BUT BEFORE THE HOLDEN BOYS CAN GRAB THEIR GUNS, TWO GREEN THUNDERBOLTS BURST INTO THEIR MIDST—BOWLING THEM OFF THEIR FEET—FARR CADETS PLUNGE IN TO COVER THEM...



BEFORE THEY KNOW IT, THE HOLDEN BOYS ARE HELPLESS—AN ARMY JUDGE RUSHES UP—



"A NICE LITTLE JOB, LIEUTENANT COLE! YES—YOU MAY REPORT IT TO YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICERS—WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!"



TEN MINUTES LATER, DICK IS BACK AT HEADQUARTERS. BITTERLY, DICK HANDS HIS REPORT TO THE TOP OFFICER—

SO, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, DICK AND SAMRA AGAIN REPORT TO THE HIGH-COMMAND! THE ATMOSPHERE IS TENSE-EXCITED...



WE CAN DO THAT BY RETREATING FROM THIS END—BUT IT WILL DO US NO GOOD UNLESS WE CAN QUIETLY TAKE ONE, OR BOTH OF THOSE HILLS—WITH THEM IN OUR POSSESSION, WE CAN MOVE A SIZABLE FORCE QUICKLY UP FROM THE REAR, FLANK HOLDEN'S DRIVE, THEN COME DOWN ON THEM WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT! I WANT YOU AND CADET KARNO TO OCCUPY HILL E, THEN SEE IF WE CAN TAKE HILL D.



SO, ARMED WITH A PORTABLE RADIO, DICK AND SIMBA SET OUT... MALICIOUSLY, RAYTON WATCHES THEM GO....



THIS WILL BE A REAL JOB, KID!

YEAH- THIS IS FUN!

THERE THEY GO AGAIN! THE HEROES!

SUDDENLY SOMETHING SNAPS IN RAYTON'S BRAIN... THE POISONOUS VENOM OF HIS JEALOUSY FLOODS THROUGH HIS WHOLE BODY. HIS STANCE BECOMES A CROUCH. HIS EYES LIGHT UP WITH INSANE CRAFTINESS—

I'VE GOT IT! HEH-HEH! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL FIX THOSE TWO! FOR GOOD!



HURRIEDLY, HE DARTS TO THE FIELD AMMUNITION DEPOT, ARMS HIMSELF WITH LIVE RIFLE BULLETS AND GRENADES!



HEH-HEH-! WHAT AN IDEA! NOBODY WILL EVER KNOW, EITHER!

THEN, WITH THE STEALTH OF AN ANIMAL, HE CREEPS ACROSS THE HOLDEN LINE, HEADS FOR THE TOP OF HILL D....



I'LL GET WAY ABOVE THE HOLDEN SNIPERS! THEY'LL BE SHOOTING AT COLE AND SIMBA FROM BELOW ME— WITH BLANKS!

HEH-HEH-!

WITH SLY CUNNING, RAYTON MANAGES TO GAIN HIS POSITION!...



THERE'S HOLDEN, NOW— I'LL GO HIGHER!

AT THE SHEER TOP OF HILL D, RAYTON GETS INTO FIRING POSITION— BELOW HIM ARE THE HOLDEN SNIPERS— BEYOND THE VALLEY FLOOR IS HILL E. — DICK'S AND SIMBA'S FIRST OBJECTIVE....



NOW— SHOOT OFF YOUR STUPID BLANKS, HOLDEN! I'LL POT COLE AND SIMBA WITH REAL BULLETS! WHEN THEY'VE FALLEN, I'LL SNEAK AWAY— AND EVERYBODY WILL THINK THE REAL SLUGS CAME FROM YOUR GUNS! HEH-HEH-!

I'M A GENIUS!

AT THE MOUTH OF THE VALLEY DICK AND SIMBA PAUSE....



THERE'S HILL E. WE'LL MAKE A RUN FOR THAT FIRST!

AND THERE'S D. HOLDEN'S SPOTTED US!

PANG!



A SECOND LATER HE LEAPS OVER THEIR ROCK DEFENSES—EYE'S BLAZING!

YOU IDIOTS!
YOU FOOLS!

HEY!

WHAT'S THE IDEA—
USING REAL SLUGS?
ARE YOU ALL
NUTS!?

REAL
SLUGS!
WHAT?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID!
REAL SLUGS! YOU'VE
WINGED MY PARTNER
AND CLIPPED ME!
I HAVE—

BUT THAT'S WRONG! I
PERSONALLY CHECKED THEIR
AMMUNITION!

HEY! I THOUGHT I
HEARD SHOTS FROM UP THERE!
YES—LOOK!
LOOK!

HOLY CATS—
RAYTON!

COMPLETELY INSANE NOW—RAYTON SHOWS
HIMSELF—A LIVE GRENADE POISED HIGH—

HA-NA-NA-NA! YES! IT'S
ME! JACK
RAYTON OF THE
HORSE
MARINES!

SO YOU
LITTLE BOYS
WANNA PLAY
WAR, EN?

YOU STUPID LITTLE
DRAIPS! HERE—
HAVE A TASTE OF
REAL WAR!

IT'S A
GRENADE!
DOWN!

DOWN
EVERYBODY!

THERE IS A DEAFENING BLAST—...

BOOM!

—FORTUNATELY, THE GRENADE LANDS
SHORT—DICK STARTS TO DASH
AROUND THE HILL—...

THAT BIRD
IS REALLY
CRAZY—!

—KEEP HIM
OCCUPIED!!
I'LL FLANK HIM!

DESPERATELY, DICK
SCRAMBLES UPWARD—

HIS BRAIN
MUST HAVE
SNAPPED! HE'S
COMPLETELY
BERSERK!

A FEW SECONDS LATER HE REACHES
A BLUFF JUST ABOVE RAYTON'S HEAD...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE
THIS FAST—

—BEFORE HE KILLS
SOMEBODY!

HE RACES TO
THE EDGE—

THEN
LEAPS—

OKAY—MR.
RAYTON!
THAT'S
ENOUGH!

BANG! ZOOM!

YEE-OW!

THE FORCE OF DICK'S DROP
PLUNGES THEM BOTH OVER
THE STEEP CLIFF....

WE'RE
FALLING!
I'M—I'M—

WHEW!
HOLD TIGHT—
MR. BUSH!

HERE'S THE CULPRIT, CAPTAIN!
NOW, MAY I CONSIDER THESE
TWO HILLS CAPTURED? I WANT
TO REPORT IT TO MY
COMMANDERS!

YOU CERTAINLY MAY, LAD!
YOUR GRENADE DID THE
TRICK! WE'LL TAKE CARE
OF HIM!

AS THEY FALL, RAYTON
FANTS DEAD AWAY—
DICK SNATCHES AT BUSHES
TO BREAK THEIR FALL—

SWELL
WORK,
COLE!

PKOR!

BOY! WHAT
A RELIEF!

DICK RACES BACK TO HILL D.
TO SEND HIS MESSAGE—

GREAT GOING, KID!

THANKS, PAL—
HELLO? COLE SPEAKING!
HILLS D AND E CAPTURED!
OKAY TO RETREAT FROM
VALLEY AND COME
UP ON FLANKS!!

LOOKS LIKE THERE
WAS STILL TIME TO SAVE
THE OLD BALL GAME!

AT HEADQUARTERS, THE NEWS IS
RECEIVED JUBILANTLY - - -

HURRAY! COLE DID IT AGAIN!
SOUND RETREAT AT 1-E - AND
COME UP ON BOTH HILLS WITH
EVERYTHING - 45'S
INFANTRY - CAVALRY -
THE WORKS!



AT THE SIGHT OF FARR RETREATING FROM
THE MOUTH OF THE VALLEY, HOLDEN'S FORCES
BEGIN TO POUR IN UNAWARE THAT BOTH
FLANKING HILLS ARE IN FARR'S HANDS -

**OH BOY!
HERE THEY
COME!**

WHEE-!
IN A FEW MINUTES
WE'LL HAVE 'EM
SURROUNDED!



AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, FARR LOADS
BOTH HILLS WITH MEN AND GUNS!

**HURRY
IT UP!**

**ON THE
DOUBLE!**



BOOM!

BOOM!

CHARGE-!

**LET 'EM
HAVE IT!**

**BOY- IT
WORKED!**

**C'MON- LADS!
MOP 'EM UP!**

**WOW-!
WE GOT 'EM!**

**THIS IS
THE FINISH!**

BOOM!

BOOM!

DICK BEGINS TO TAKE SIMBA TO AN AMBULANCE -
EDDIE RUSHES UP TO THEM -

**WE DID IT! IT'S
ALL OVER BOYS!
FARR WINS!**

**WE'VE
WON!**

**BOY!
THAT'S
GREAT!**



**HOO-RAY- FOR
US- AND DICK!**

THAT NIGHT,
BACK AT FARR,
THE MAJOR
CONGRATULATES
DICK
AND
SIMBA -

AND THE BOARD HAS VOTED TO PRESENT BOTH OF
YOU BOYS WITH THE FARR MEDAL OF VALOR - -
RAYTON WILL BE PUT AWAY IN AN ASYLUM!

**JEEPERS!
ME! A
MEDAL!**

**THANK
YOU,
SIR!**



**AND THAT'S THAT - FOR THIS
TIME, MATES! ANOTHER BANG-UP-
YARN IN NEXT MONTH'S -**

BLUE BOLT!

*yo-
Dicks*

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



WHY DO ARMY PLANES CRASH ONTO THE JAGGED ROCKS OF A DESOLATE ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA, TANKS GO CAREENING TO DESTRUCTION OVER THE EDGE OF HIGH CLIFFS? -- WHAT HORRIBLE POWER THROWS SLEEK DESTROYERS OFF COURSE AND ONTO UNCHARTED REEFS? BLUE BOLT, THE AMERICAN, SETS FORTH TO HALT THIS DIABOLICAL PLOT TO DESTROY THE U.S. ARMED FORCES!

SCENE: THE COURT MARTIAL OF LIEUTENANT JONAS WAYNE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE

IT IS THE DECISION OF THIS COURT THAT YOU JONAS WAYNE, ARE GUILTY OF ATTEMPTING TO CONTACT A FOREIGN POWER, THAT YOU HAVE TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO SELL MILITARY SECRETS!



THEREFORE, THIS COURT SUMMARILY DISMISSES YOU FROM THE AIR FORCE OF THE U.S. GO! BUT REMEMBER, YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO YOUR COUNTRY!

MY COUNTRY? I HAVE NO COUNTRY! THEY SHALL FEEL THE WEIGHT OF MY HATRED! I SHALL BE REPAID!



SOME WEEKS LATER AT AN AIRDROME IN A SOUTHERN STATE...

MEN, YOUR GREAT TEST HAS COME. YOU'RE TO FLY FROM HERE TO OUR NEW BASE ON GUATRO ISLAND. THIS WILL BE A NIGHT FLIGHT, GUIDED BY THE RADIO BEAM SENT UP FROM THE ISLAND. ZERO HOUR IS NINE O'CLOCK!



AT THE APPOINTED TIME, THE TRIM PLANES TAKE OFF...

THOSE BOYS REALLY HANDLE THEIR SHIPS!

THEY'LL BE THERE IN FOUR HOURS



IN PERFECT FORMATION, THE SWIFT CRAFT WING THEIR WAY CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE NEWLY APPOINTED BASE...

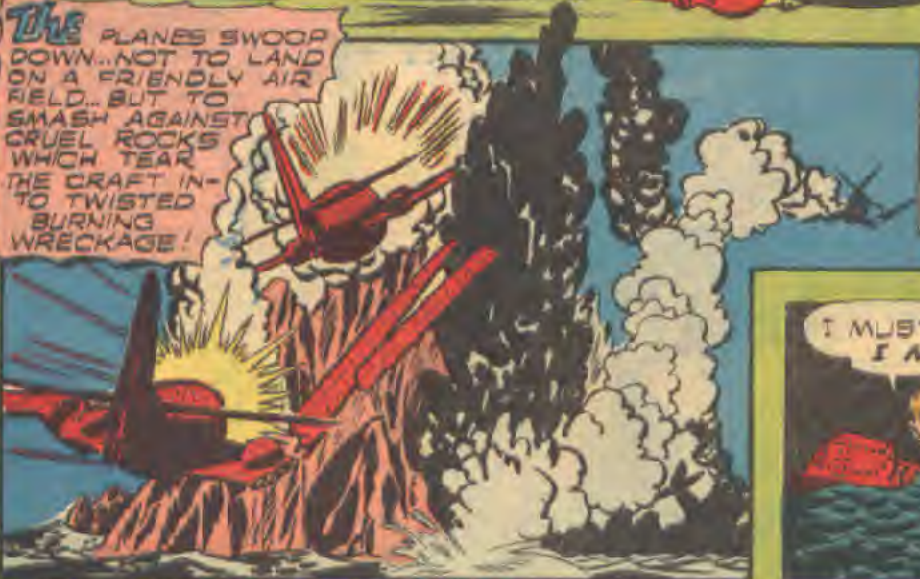


EDDIE, WE'RE ON THE BEAM! I'M GETTING READY TO SET HER DOWN

RIGHT, LIEUTENANT! LET HER GO!



THE PLANES SWOOP DOWN...NOT TO LAND ON A FRIENDLY AIR FIELD...BUT TO SMASH AGAINST CRUEL ROCKS WHICH TEAR THE CRAFT INTO TWISTED BURNING WRECKAGE!



IN THE TROPICAL WATER, A LONE SURVIVOR FIGHTS VALIANTLY FOR LIFE

I MUST HANG ON! I MUST!



AUTHORITIES AT THE NEARBY U.S. BASE OF GUATRO SEE THE FIRES AND SEND OUT RESCUE BOATS...

COME ON! THERE'S SOME-ONE IN THE WATER! HARD-A-PORT!



THE RESCUED PILOT TELLS HIS STORY...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... OUR BEAM WAS CALCULATED PERFECTLY!

THAT'S ALL, SIR! WE RODE IN ON THE BEAM, THEN WE CRASHED AGAINST THE ROCKS INSTEAD OF LAND-ING HERE!



LATER, A FLEET OF FAST DESTROYERS THE GREYHOUNDS OF THE SEA, ARE ENGAGED IN TRICKY NIGHT MANEUVERS.



the FLASH
AIR SQUADRON CRASHES

MYSTERY CRASH DESTROYS AIR ARMADA.

ON A DESTROYER BRIDGE.

COMMANDER, LOOK! THE COMPASS!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S SPINNING JUST LIKE A TOP! WHAT CAN BE WRONG?



MOMENTS LATER, THERE IS A RENDING CRASH AS THE DESTROYERS SMASH, FULL SPEED, ONTO THE JAGGED ROCKS WHICH DESTROYED THE PLANES!!

Meanwhile, ON GUATRO ISLAND,
MATTERS GROW WORSE...



AN ARTILLERY BATTERY FIRING
LIVE SHELLS AT TARGETS, RE-
CEIVES THE RANGE BY RADIO...

RANGE, POINT SEVEN TWO...
ELEVATION, THIRTEEN...
POINT FOUR! BATTERY
FIRE!



WORRIED OFFICIALS SEND FOR
BLUE BOLT, THE AMERICAN!

BLUE BOLT, WE'VE TRIED
EVERYTHING! YOU'RE THE
ONLY MAN WHO CAN
SOLVE THIS BUSINESS
ON GUATRO ISLAND!



I'LL
LEAVE
AT
ONCE
SIX!

NO, LOIS! YOU CAN'T
GO WITH ME. IT'S
TOO DANGEROUS!

OKAY, IF YOU
SAY SO,
BLUE BOLT!

SOMETHING'S WRONG
WITH THIS SHIP!
IT'S TAIL HEAVY!



AT THE CONTROLS OF A
SPEEDY PLANE, BLUE
BOLT HURRIES TOWARD
GUATRO ISLAND...



THE TANKS OBEY THE
ORDER AND PLUNGE
OVER THE EDGE OF A
STEEP CLIFF INTO
THE SEA!

INSTEAD OF HITTING THE TARGETS
THE SHELLS EXPLODE ON A
MARCHING COLUMN OF THEIR
OWN INFANTRYMEN!



WHY BLUE BOLT! YOU
KNOW I DON'T WEIGH
ENOUGH TO MAKE
THE PLANE
TAIL HEAVY!

LOIS!
YOU
STOWAWAY!



AT THE BASE, BLUE BOLT DECIDES TO GO ON THE SAME FLIGHT AS THAT OF THE WRECKED PLANES. THE RESCUED PILOT VOLUNTEERS TO FLY HIM.

WE'LL BE OVER THE SAME SPOT SOON!

SAY, THIS PLANE'S TAIL HEAVY!



TAIL HEAVY? EH, I KNOW THE ANSWER! COME ON OUT, LOIS, AND BE GOOD... OR ELSE...

HELLO, BOYS! I'LL BE GOOD!



THIS IS FAR ENOUGH! NOW TURN AROUND. WHEN WE HIT THE BEAM, DON'T FLY DIRECTLY ON IT! GO ALONGSIDE! SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



I'M ALONGSIDE IT NOW!



AHA! SEE THAT RADIO TOWER. GOOD THING THE MOON IS BRIGHT! CUT THE MOTOR! I'M GOING TO PARACHUTE DOWN!

RIGHTO!



IF WE DON'T HEAR FROM YOU IN AN HOUR, I'M COMING BACK WITH HELP!

LOOK, LOIS, I'M A BIG BOY, NOW! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME... HERE GOES!

...AND HERE'S HOPING!



NOT A BAD JUMP! NOW FOR ACTION! THERE'S THAT RADIO TOWER, I'LL HEAD FOR IT!



THIS PLACE MUST HAVE BEEN FORMED FROM VOLCANIC LAVA. THERE ARE PLENTY OF CAVES TO HIDE IN AROUND HERE! OH! OH! A GUARD!

KNOCK! KNOCK! IT'S JUST OLD BLUE BOLT!

SILENTLY BLUE BOLT ENTERS THE CAVE FROM WHICH THE RADIO TOWER JUTS OUT.

HMM... QUITE A PARTY!

A MOTOR LOWERS THE TOWER, AND THEN...

TOMORROW A FOOD CONVOY IS DUE. WE WILL SEND OUT A MAGNETIC SIGNAL AND THROW THEIR COMPASSES OUT OF KILTER! THE REEFS IN THEIR WAY WILL DO THE REST!

SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS DONE!

LOWER THE TOWER!

IF YOU WANT ME, YOU'LL HAVE TO GRAB ME!

I MUST HEAR MORE! OOPS! FOOT SLIPPED! WOW! THEY'VE SEEN ME!

A SPY! GRAB HIM!

SEIZE HIM, FOOLS!

OW!

THERE, FELLOWS.
THAT'S PUTTING YOUR
HEADS TOGETHER!

I MUST GET
TO THE
TOWER!

HE THROWS A SWITCH.
THE TOWER RISES!

YOU'LL NEVER
LIVE TO PUT
YOUR HANDS
ON ME,
BLUE BOLT!

WHAT A WORKOUT!
HEY YOU! WAIT
FOR ME!



COME AN INCH CLOSER,
AND I'LL PULL THIS
SWITCH! THE VOLTAGE
IT'LL RELEASE WILL
DESTROY EVERYTHING!
HAH! HAH!

MEANWHILE, LOIS, HAVING
RETURNED TO GAUTRO
ISLAND GETS TIRED OF
WAITING AND COMES
BACK IN A BOAT WITH A
DETACHMENT OF MARINES.

LOOK! ON THE
TOWER!
BLUE BOLT!



THE
SWITCH!

LOIS!
STAY
WHERE
YOU
ARE!
DON'T
MOVE!

COME
CLOSER!
WE'LL ALL
BURN TO
A NICE
BLACK
CRISP!

NOW,
I'VE GOT
YOU!



BLINDING GLARE
OF FLAME, AND THE
MEN ARE HURLED
FROM THE TOWER BY
THE IMPACT OF
SURGING VOLTAGE!



THEY BOTH MUST BE DEAD! NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT!

HURRY!



BUT BLUE BOLT'S POWERFUL BODY RESISTS THE VOLTAGE!

EASY LOIS! ANY IDEA WHO HE IS?

YES! HE'S JONAS WAYNE, EXPELLED FROM THE AIR FORCE FOR TRAITOROUS ACTIVITY!



THE POWERFUL ELECTRICAL CHARGE REVIVES THE LONG DORMANT VOLCANO WHICH FORMS THE ISLAND!

TO THE BOATS! THE VOLCANO IS ERUPTING!!

GREAT HEAVENS!



THERE IT GOES! THERE'LL BE NO MORE TROUBLE FROM THERE ANY MORE!

HOW TERRIBLE!

THEY DESERVED IT, MISS!

LATER, AT GUATRO...

YOU SEE, COLONEL, THEIR TRANSMITTER GAVE THE FALSE ORDERS, WRECKED THE COMPASSES AND CHANGED THE COURSE OF THE RADIO BEAM!

A TRUE AMERICAN ASKS NOTHING FOR DOING HIS DUTY! I'M READY TO SERVE WHEN NEEDED!

YOUR COUNTRY OWES YOU A GREAT DEAL!

ME TOO!



Blue Bolt and Lois

WILL BE WITH US AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



Battles
"THE
THUMB"

BULLETIN
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
YOU'LL AGREE, IS NO
PLACE TO COMMIT MUR-
DER--BUT THEN YOU
NEVER MET THE THUMB!
HE ROBBED AND KILLED,
AND AT THE SCENE OF
EVERY CRIME, HE LEFT A
NEATLY INKED THUMB-
PRINT--A CALLING CARD
THAT DROVE THE WHOLE
DETECTIVE BUREAU FRAN-
TIC UNTIL SERGEANT
SPOOK RETURNED TO
HIS OLD BAILWICK TO
BREAK THE CASE!

DAILY STAR
THUMB PULLS
BANK JOB...
POLICE TRAIL
THUMB
EVENING OBSERVER
THUMB SLAYS
2 COPS...

RIDING THE CREST OF
HIS CRIME-WAVE, THE
THUMB ENTERS A
NIGHT CLUB...

QUICK! HAND
OVER THE
DOUGH!

Y-YES!

YOU WEREN'T
QUICK ENOUGH,
FATSO!

BANG!

WHILE THE STUNNED NIGHT CLUB CROWD STANDS HELPLESS...

MY THUMB-PRINT! SOMETHING FOR THE COPS TO REMEMBER ME BY! HA! HA!

THAT RAT'S BEEN RAISING THE DEVIL SINCE HE GOT OUT OF JAIL!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS INSPECTOR BARRY AND CAPTAIN NEILL STUDY A COPY OF THE LATEST CLUE...

AS WE THOUGHT, INSPECTOR-- ANOTHER ONE OF DIGARO'S THUMBPRINTS!

I'M GOING TO THROW OUT THE DRAG-NET!

OUT GOES THE DRAG-NET AS DETECTIVES SWARM INTO THE RAT-HOLES OF THE UNDERWORLD!

ONE OF THE SUSPECTS IS GRILLED...

COME THROUGH, ROCKY! YOU'RE ONE OF DIGARO'S RIVALS! YOU WANNA GET RID OF HIM, DON'T-CHA? WHERE'S HIS HIDEOUT?

YOU'RE A DETECTIVE-- FIND OUT!

Suddenly... A GHOSTLY FIGURE APPEARS IN THE "GRILL ROOM"... SERGEANT SPOOK!

I GIVE UP! MAYBE HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH! I DON'T KNOW.. PUT HIM IN THE LINEUP!

H-MM! THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE LINEUP!

THE LINE-UP!— THAT GLARING PLATFORM WHERE ALL CRIMINALS ARE PLACED BEFORE THE STAFF'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GAZE!

WHERE'S DIGARO'S HIDEOUT?

TOUGH CUSTOMER— BUT MAYBE I CAN MAKE HIM TALK!

YOU HAD A GUN-FIGHT WITH HIM A YEAR AGO— WAS THAT THE LAST TIME YOU SAW HIM?

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T REMEMBER... NO... NO...

ARE YOU PLAYING BALL WITH HIM?

I'LL ASK A QUESTION IN MY OWN WAY!

AI-YI! WHAT TA?

When and where did you last see Digaro?
Sergeant Spook

THE GHOST'S HAND WRITES ON THE WALL!

IT HIT ME! A GHOST HIT ME!

OKAY! I'LL TALK! ONLY DON'T HIT ME! I SAW DIGARO TWO WEEKS AGO AT WOODWARD CEMETERY! HE WAS--

BUT BEFORE ROCKY CAN FINISH THE SENTENCE, THE SOUND OF A SHOT RINGS THROUGH THE DARKNESS!

BAZG!!!

DRILLED THROUGH THE HEART, ROCKY SAGS, A LOOK OF INFINITE SURPRISE ON HIS FACE...

HE.. HE..
AGHR-RR..



IS THE SUS-
PECT FALLS
DEAD...

HEY! SOMEONE
PUT OUT THE
LIGHTS!

WHO SHOT
HIM? WHY?

THE GHOST GUY LEAPS TO
A WALL SWITCH..

NOW WE'LL THROW
SOME LIGHT ON
THE SUBJECT!



I'LL BE--! THE MARK OF
THE THUMB--ON ROCKY'S
FOREHEAD!??



BARRY WHIRLS AS HE HEARS THE
SCRATCHING OF CHALK!

GOSH! I REMEMBER
HIM! KILLED IN AN
ACCIDENT!

Don't move
from this room, any
of you! I want every
detective fingerprinted--
I'll do the job!!
Sergeant
Spook



DO YOU SEE
WHAT I
SEE?

AH! I DON'T
BELIEVE IN
GHOSTS!

NO? WELL
I DO--FROM
NOW ON!
WOW!



BOYS, THAT ADVICE ON THE BOARD SOUNDS
GOOD! SOMEONE BRING A FINGERPRINT
STAND--THE REST OF YOU STEP UP!



POLICE HEADQUARTERS HAS SEEN STRANGE SIGHTS, BUT NONE STRANGER THAN THIS-- A GHOST COP TAKING THE FINGERPRINTS OF THE WHOLE DETECTIVE BUREAU!

IF I TOLD MY WIFE ABOUT THIS, SHE'D THINK I'D GONE NUTS!

HMM! WHAT'S THIS? A TRACE OF WAX!!!

GOSH!--YOU CAN ACTUALLY FEEL A HAND GRAB YOUR THUMB!!!



A GHOSTLY HAND STEALS INTO THE POCKET OF THE DETECTIVE BEING FINGERPRINTED...

AHA! A HOLLOW FINGER MADE OF WAX--AND COVERED WITH INK! A REPRODUCTION OF DIGARO'S THUMBPRINT, I'LL BET!



GHOST OR NO GHOST--I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



OUT OF MY WAY--EVERYONE!



GUN-FLAME STREAKS THE ROOM, AS THE MASKED KILLER ATTEMPTS TO FLEE!

YEOW!

GOSH! ONE OF OUR OWN MEN! GET HIM!



TIME I TOOK A
HAND IN THIS!



DROP
IT!



WOW!
SOMEONE
KICKED
ME!

I DID! SO
WHAT!



OOF!..HEY--I CAN'T
FIGHT AIR! STOP!
I GIVE UP!



SUDDENLY A GHOST
HAND TEARS OFF
THE KILLER'S MASK!



WHY, IT'S CAPTAIN
NEILL--MY PARTNER!
SOMEONE GRAB HIM
AND BRING HIM UP
HERE!



LOOK! NEILL'S
SAILIN' THROUGH
THE AIR...HANGIN'
BY THE
SEAT OF
HIS
PANTS!

I'LL FETCH HIM...
WITH PLEASURE!



CONFESSIO--BY A
DETECTIVE!

NO USE STALLIN'!
I'M THE
THUMB--!



Y'SEE, I WAS JEAL-
OUS OF BARRY.
THOUGHT I WAS
BETTER THAN HIM!
I FELT I SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
INSPECTOR
NOT HIM!

I HIT ON A PLAN TO MAKE
BARRY LOOK LIKE A DOPE,
AND PROVIDE ME WITH
EXTRA DOUGH...

FIRST, ROCKY,
WE BUMP OFF
DIGARO...!

FINE!



WE TOOK HIM FOR A
RIDE...

OKAY, ROCKY...NOW
TO WOODWARD
CEMETERY!

BANG!



WITH THIS WAX IMPRESSION,
WE CAN LEAVE HIS THUMB-
PRINTS ON THE SCENE
OF EVERY CRIME
WE PULL...

AND DE COPS, NOT
KNOWING HE'S DEAD,
WILL BLAME EVERY-
THING ON HIM! CAR,
YOU'RE A GENIUS!

AND THAT, FOLKS IS THE
WAY NEILL WOUND UP!
BEING A COP HE
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN--
YOU CAN'T BEAT
THE LAW!



-and you
CAN'T BEAT
SERGEANT
SPOOK
WHEN IT
COMES TO
GOOD ACTION
STORIES!!
..Another
in the next
**BLUE
BOLT!**

YEP, FOLKS, OUR CAPTAIN IS SORTA WORRIED—BUT I SAY, ONE MINE OR A HUNDRED, WE ONLY NEED TO HIT ONE! SO WHAT?

KRISKO and JASPER

KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE BEEN RESCUED BY A FRIENDLY SUBMARINE....AND NOW FIND THEMSELVES IN THE CENTER OF A MINE FIELD. THE CAPTAIN CAN SEE NO WAY OUT.



BY JACK & LARRY

MINES! MINES!
AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE—!
NOT A CHANCE IN THIS WORLD
FOR US TO GET OUT OF HERE
ALIVE!



WE'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING TO HELP TH' CAPTAIN OUTA THIS TRAP ON ACCOUNT OF 'CAUSE HE SAVED OUR LIVES.....

NO HUH!

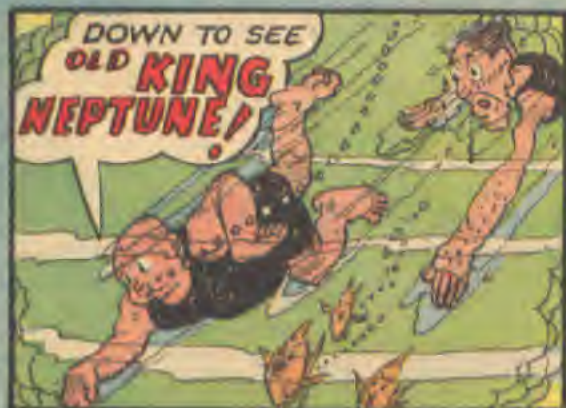


ALL RIGHT, YOU THINK OF SOME WAY OUT. YOU'RE TH' BIG BRAIN OF THIS OUT-FIT. I'M GONNA TAKE A SIESTA.....



THE MAKINGS OF A RIGHT GOOD DREAM.





DON'T KNOW HOW MY FATHER, THE KING, WILL ACCEPT YOU! HE'S KINDA MAD—YOU HUMANS HAVE BEEN DISTURBING THE PEACE UP ON THE SURFACE.



YOU SEE, FATHER IS GETTING OLD AND DOESN'T LIKE FOR YOU TO DUMP YOUR TRASH DOWN HERE IN OUR FRONT YARD!



AND ALL THOSE TERRIFIC EXPLOSIONS! IT'S GETTING SO NOISY, WE CAN'T SLEEP! YOU STAY HERE AND I'LL FIND OUT IF HE'LL SEE YOU....



COME IN, GENTLEMEN, BUT BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY—HE'S QUITE UPSET! ANOTHER BOAT WAS DUMPED IN THE FRONT YARD LAST NIGHT!



TA-TA! I'LL BE SEEING YOU LATER!

WE COME DOWN HERE FOR TO DEMAND YOU DO SOMETHIN' 'BOUT THEM MINES WHICH IS PLANTED 'ROUND OUR BOAT! OUR CAPTAIN IS ALL SPOOKED UP 'BOUT IT!

HMM-M



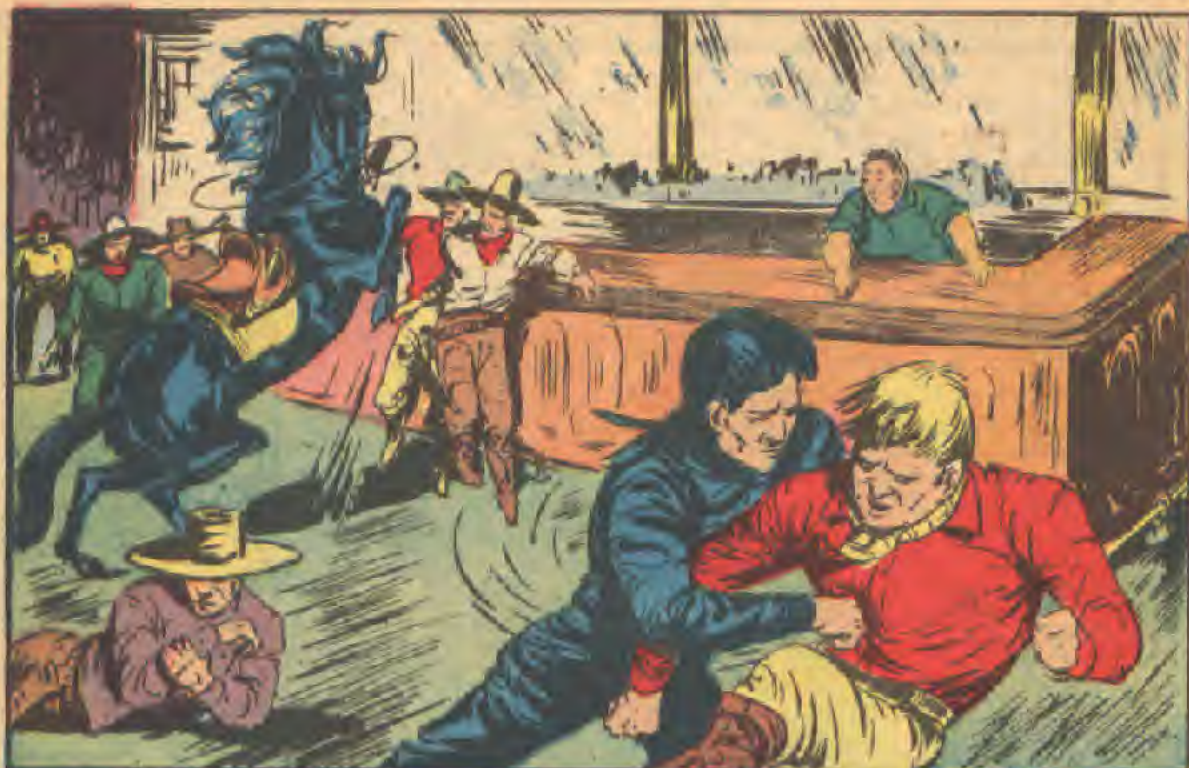
IT AIN'T RIGHT FOR OUR ENEMIES TO LAY MINES ALL 'ROUND US LIKE THAT! WHY IF WE HIT ONE—WE'LL BE BLOWN CLEAR OUTA TH' OCEAN! AND IF YOU DON'T DO SOMETHIN'—I'LL—I'LL--



YOU'LL WHAT? NOW LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING! FIRST—I'M NEUTRAL! SECOND—I'M GETTING TIRED OF YOUR FOOLISH FIGHTS! AND THIRD—I MAY GET MAD AN RUN YOU OFF MY OCEAN!







The Lesson

THE RANGE RIDER AND BLACKHORSE TEACH
A FEW BASIC PRINCIPLES—THE HARD WAY!

By Werstein

THE RANGE RIDER leaned over in his saddle to pet Night, his Blackhorse. "Night," said the Rider, "We'll go just a bit further and turn in. We've come a long way today."

The superb horse snorted and pawed the ground as if to express agreement with his master. The pair galloped along the dusty road until they reached a small town. "Green Gulch Hotel" read a weather beaten sign on a shabby building which dominated the quiet street.

"Guess this place is as good as any, Night," murmured the Range Rider. Lethely he swung out of the saddle. He dropped the wonder horse's reins over a hitching post and entered the hotel. As he passed through the swinging doors, a typical scene greeted him. Men lined up at the bar. Several card games were going on. There was much coarse laughter and loud talk.

The Range Rider strode up to the bar. He said to the fat, kindly looking bartender, "I'm a stranger. I'd like to get a room for the night. My horse must be bedded down, too."

The bartender paused while polishing a glass. "Reckon we kin satisfy you, stranger." Suddenly the doors flew open. Six men bolsterously entered.

A sudden hush fell on the room. The card players stopped their games. All the eyes turned toward the door. Leading the new group was a burly, beetle-browed man. He wore a two-gun belt. His poisonous eyes gleamed with a murderous light as he glanced sharply about the room. His followers were of the same general type, mean, hard-faced men—killers!

The leader turned to his henchmen, saying, "Waal, boys, did you ever see a sorrier bunch o' hombres than right here?"

His cronies laughed unpleasantly. One of them called out, "Right you be, Ned, there ain't a man among 'em!"

Ned drew a pistol and fired two shots into the clock on the wall. Everyone ducked. "Just put two bullets in that timepiece, yonder. Don't mind ef'n I put a few into any hombre as wishes it."

He slid the pistol back into its holster. Followed by his men, the bully swaggered to the bar. He came right next to the Range Rider, who had been taking all this in. The Rider calmly said to the bartender, "Would you mind seeing about my room?"

His voice cut through the scared silence like a knife. For the first time the ruffian noticed the man in black. "Barkeep," he called. "Mebbe this here stranger don't know me! Mebbe he ain't been told that only I do the talkin'! Mebbe you best tell him who I am!"

STILL AUTOMATICALLY polishing a glass, the harrassed bartender said quaveringly, "You be Ned Lewis."

Lewis turned to the Range Rider, "Stranger, does that mean anything to you?"

"No," replied the Rider with a wry smile—

"Tell him more, barkeep. Tell him who these men are!"

"These men are your gang. You be the best gunman in the county! These others be next best, *Mr. Lewis*." The bartender's voice trembled with terror. The other men looked on tensely. A heavy electric stillness blanketed the room.

Ned Lewis walked closer to the Range Rider. He pushed his face near and snarled, "That's me, *Ned Lewis*! If you be lookin' fer trouble, Waddy, you'll get it from me!"

The Rider looked directly into the man's eyes. In an even tone he said, "I don't want trouble. You seem to be looking for it."

A grimmer tenseness gripped the room. Men leaned forward. Someone coughed. The bartender dropped his glass. It shattered, almost exploded, on the floor. Three patrons at the bar backed away. One of the bully's men loosened his gun. The others moved closer to the Range Rider.

Lewis turned pale with anger. His eyes blazed fiercely. His jaw muscles quivered under his taut cheeks. "Stranger, I warn ye, *ye're playin' with fire*! Another word'll be *yer last*!"

The Rider spoke quietly, "I came here for a night's lodging, not a brawl."

Ned Lewis stepped back with a grin. The atmosphere cleared as everyone took his cue from the beetle-browed killer. He laughed, "I see! Ye wear black, but you've got a *yellow streak*."

They all howled at that sally. Lewis called to the bartender, "Whiskey! Straight and strong." His men took the same. Lewis was lifting his glass when it crumbled in his hand. A shot echoed through the room! The acrid odor of gunpowder hung heavily in the air. Eyes turned on the Range Rider. He stood in the center of the room. A smoking six-gun was pointed at Lewis. He said, "I think you've reached the end of your rope, Lewis, it's high time you were exposed for the cheap coward you really are!"



HOLDING HIS GUNS AT THE HIPS, the Rider walked over to the astounded gunman. He slapped the bully across the mouth. One of Ned's pals reached for a gun, but he never made it! The Rider's six-gun spat flame and lead. With a moan, the gunman sank to the floor nursing a shattered wrist. "The next man who moves gets a bullet in his skull!" declared the Rider.

He pursed his lips and emitted a low whistle. A gasp went up as the doors flew open and a magnificent black horse came in. *It was Night!*

"Night," said the Rider, "watch these men. If one of them moves a muscle, take care of him!" He pointed to the astonished gangsters. The intelligent horse placed himself in front of them. The men were too frightened to budge. The wounded man cursed under his breath.

"Now you," the Rider dropped his pistols back into their holsters, and seized Lewis by the shirt-front. "Loosen your gun belt." Like a man in a daze, Lewis obeyed, and his guns slid to the floor. Without letting go of his man, the Rider unbuckled his own belts and tossed them on a table.

"Put up your fists, hombre, you are going to be taught a lesson!"

With a snarl, Lewis swung a terrific punch. The Rider nimbly blocked it. His powerful fists beat an endless tattoo on the bully's face and body. A sharp right cross caught the killer squarely on the jaw. He went down. The Rider addressed himself to the cowed gang. "Any more of you *hard men* want the same?" Not one answered.

"Just as I thought. *Cowards*! The lot of you! Toss your guns on the floor." The men did.

"Let them have it, Night," shouted the Range Rider, winking at Blackhorse. With a terrifying neigh the huge horse reared high on his hind legs. The bullies didn't wait for any more. They rushed for the door, falling over each other in their terror.

"Down, Night," said the Horseman. The miracle horse dropped his forelegs. Lewis sat up. "Now get!" the Rider told him. "Don't ever let me hear any more about you or I'll come back and *finish this job*!" The beaten killer plunged out, aided by a few well directed kicks from the Rider's toe. "Better get this one to a doctor," he said, pointing to the wounded man. Two of the onlookers aided the latter to his feet and helped him through the doors.

The Range Rider placed his arm around Night's neck. "Good Horse!"

Men rushed up to them. They pounded the Rider on the back and petted his horse. The bartender said, "Stranger, you sure done us a favor. What kin we do fer you?"

The Range Rider smiled at him. "I'd like that room now. I'll see my horse made comfortable first." He walked out, leading Night.

THE END

The **WHITE RIDER** **AND** **SUPER HORSE**

GOLD! GOLD! THE DULL YELLOW METAL FOR WHICH MEN HAVE STOLEN, KILLED AND STARVED! **WHITE RIDER** AND **SUPERHORSE** FOIL A WILD PLOT BY A SHREWD SWINDLER, AS A QUIET REGION OF THE TEXAS PANHANDLE IS TURNED INTO A SCENE OF TEEMING ACTIVITY! BOOM TOWNS SPRING UP OVER NIGHT, AS MEN RACE TO THE SOURCE OF A NEW GOLD STRIKE!

MOUNTED ON HIS **SUPERHORSE**, **CLOUD**, THE **WHITE RIDER** APPROACHES A BOOM TOWN. A STRANGE SIGHT GREET'S THEM...

SAY, CLOUD! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS? THOSE FELLOWS SURE PICKED A QUEER PLACE TO SLEEP!

CLOUD! THIS FELLOW ISN'T SLEEPING. HE'S DEAD! SHOT THRU THE HEART!



THE RIDER MOVES FROM ONE INERT FORM TO ANOTHER. TO HIS AMAZEMENT, HE FINDS SOME OF THE MEN DEAD... OTHERS UNCONSCIOUS... WITH A PEEBLE GROAN, ONE MAN SITS UP...

M-MEDICINE MY MAN!

WHAT'S THAT? SPEAK UP! WHAT TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED HERE? DARN, HE'S OUT AGAIN!

mighty STRANGE! SOME OF THEM SHOT... OTHERS OUT COLD! EMPTY GOLD SACKS ALL OVER THE PLACE. EVIDENTLY SOMEONE'S ROBBED THESE BOYS! CLOUD! THERE'S WORK FOR US!



LOOK CLOUD! EXTRA HEAVY WAGON TRACKS LEADING OUT OF TOWN. GOOD THING IT RAINED! THEY STAND OUT IN THIS DIRT ROAD! I'VE GOT A HUNCH... LET'S FOLLOW THIS TRAIL!



ACTING ON HIS HUNCH, THE WHITE RIDER FOLLOWS THE TRACKS...

FASTER, CLOUD! THEY GO THIS WAY!



THE TRAIL LEADS INTO ANOTHER BOOM TOWN...

WELL, CLOUD! THIS IS PHYUTE! IT SURE MUSH-ROOMED OUT ALMOST OVERNIGHT! A REAL BOOM TOWN!



THE RIDER NOTICES A LARGE MEDICINE WAGON PARKED IN AN ALLEYWAY...

DR. OURELL'S MEDICINE SHOW

SHUCKS, CLOUD, THIS IS WHERE OUR TRAIL WINDS UP! A MEDICINE SHOW WAGON! WELL WE'LL SEE THE SHOW TONIGHT... COULD USE A LITTLE FUN...



Suddenly... THE TIME-HONORED CRY OF THE WEST RINGS OUT...

YOU ORNERY YARMINT, I'LL PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD!

YIP-EE! FIGHT!

WHY, YOU PIZEN-FACED COYOTE...



A WILD GUN FIGHT!

TAKE THAT!

THIS FER YOU...

YEOW!



QUICKLY THE FIGHT SPREADS UNTIL...

GIVE IT TO 'EM JED!

HOLD ON, PETE I'M IN!

SUFFERIN' STAGE COACHES! THIS IS TURNIN' INTO A WAR!



RECKON I'D BETTER
BREAK THIS UP!



THE RIDER'S
GUN'S ROAR!

CRACK!

HELP!

WOW! THERE GOES
MY VEST BUTTONS!
I'M NOSEYIN'!



FULLY IMPRESSED THE GUNMEN
ARE MORE THAN WILLING...
TO OUI!

GIT!

I'M GITTIN'!



BETTER TAKE
CARE OF THE
WOUNDED
MAN!

STRANGER
I'LL NEVER
FERGIT YER
SHOOTIN'!

YOU SURE KIN
HANDLE
SHOOTIN'
IRONS!



THAT EVENING... THE MEDICINE SHOW!

SWELL
SHOW!

OH! SUSANNA! DON'T YOU...

DANDY!

DR.
CUREALL'S
MEDICINE
SHOW

VIPPEE!



GENTLEMEN! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED
THE SHOW! NOW I HAVE HERE A BOT-
TLE OF PANACEN! GUARANTEED TO
CURE ARTHRITIS, WANG-NAIIS AND
WHAT AILS YOU... ONE DOLLAR PER
BOTTLE... STEP UP AND GET ONE!



"SHILLS" IN THE CROWD START THE BALL ROLLING...

GIAMME
THREE!

I HEAR THIS IS
GOOD FOR
DANDRUFF!

I'LL TAKE
ONE!



NEARLY EVERY MAN IN THE CROWD BUYS A BOTTLE...

THIS IS
GOOD!

RECKON IT'LL HELP
MY RHEUMATIZ!

QUEER
SMELL!



INSIDE THE
WAGON...

BOSS, THESE
HOMBRES ARE
LOADED DOWN
WITH GOLD
DUST!

PATIENCE LAD, LET
THE KNOCKOUT
DROPS WORK! AND
YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH
THE REST!

A TWO
OUNCE
SLUG WILL
FIX THEM!



THE DRUGGED
MEDICINE BE-
GINS ITS WORK!

OH! SO THAT'S THE
ANSWER! THE MEDICINE
IS DRUGGED! RECKON
I'LL PLAY ALONG
TOO...HMM...



THE CROOKED DOCTOR'S MEN GO INTO ACTION...

THERE'S A GUY!
LET HIM
HAVE IT!

COME ON, MOVE
FAST! GET
THAT GOLD!

CRACK!

UHH!



LET'S SEE WHAT
THIS GUY HAS
ON HIM!



WHAT
TH?

OOF!

PARDON
MY FEET!



THE RIDER LEAPS TO BATTLE...BUT A
RIFLE IS LEVELLED AT HIS BACK...

SMART HOMBRE
EH?

COME ON,
BOYS!



WHAT
TH!

UHH!

WHAM!

ENTER...SUPERHORSE!



HOWEVER, DR. CUREALL HAS SEEN
THIS AND...

THIS'LL HOLD YOU!
COME ON!
LET'S GIT!

POW!



DR. CUREALL

THE CROOKS
SPEED AWAY!



SUPERHORSE REVIVES THE RIDER...



...BY DUMPING HIM INTO A HORSE TROUGH!



PHEW! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO, CLOUD?

WITH A SHAKE OF HIS GREAT HEAD, SUPERHORSE SHOWS THE RIDER THE WAY! AT FULL SPEED... THEY TAKE AFTER THEM!



AFTER THEM, CLOUD! THE MURDERERS!

THEY SOON ARRIVE AT THE CROOK'S CAMP!



THERE THEY ARE, CLOUD! WE'LL WORK ON THIS TOGETHER!

ALL RIGHT, HOMBRES! I'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS! THROW ALL THE GOLD INTO ONE SATCHEL!



HURRY, DOC! AFORE WE GIT PLUGGED! MUST BE A POSSE!

CAN'T MOVE ANY FASTER!

THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK!



PICK UP THAT SATCHEL, CLOUD, AND BRING IT TO ME!



THE BRILLIANT HORSE CARRIES OUT HIS ORDERS, BUT...



GOOD BOY! WHAT TH?

TAKE THAT!

BANG!

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE EXCITEMENT, THEY BREAK UP TO ADVANCE ON THE RIDER FROM BEHIND BOULDERS...



IT'S ONE MAN!

SURROUND HIM!

HURRY!

**Suddenly...A CIRCLE OF GUNS
POINT AT THE RIDER...**

WE'LL FIX YOU GOOD,
THIS TIME, STRANGER!
HOW ABOUT A NICE
NECKTIE PARTY,
BOYS?

DON'T
MOVE!

YEAH! LET'S
LYNCH
HIM!

WELL,
WELL!

The LYNCHING PROCEEDS...

YOU'LL LOOK MIGHTY
PURTY, DANGLIN'
FROM A
TREE!

YOU
RATS!

HA! HA!
PULL!

Suddenly,

**CLOUD COMES DOWN THE HILL
TOWARD THE CROOKS...**

CLOUD!

THEY
CONSIDERED
HOSS! SHOOT
HIM DOWN!

PULL HIM UP
ANYWAY!

NO! RUN! WE CAN'T
STOP THEY HOSS
WITH BULLETS
NOW!

**Like a STREAK OF LIGHT THE WONDER
HORSE SMASHES INTO THE MEN!**

OW!

UGH!

GOOD
BOY!

CRASH!

GREAT STUFF, CLOUD! WHERE
IS THE GOLD? BUT FIRST
I'LL TIE THESE FELLOWS
BEFORE THEY GET
ACTIVE AGAIN!

**THE CROOKS ARE ROUNDED UP AND...
CLOUD LEADS THE RIDER TO THE GOLD!**

I'M BRINGING YOU BACK TO
THE JUSTICE YOU DE-
SERVE! AND TO RE-
TURN THIS GOLD,
THANKS TO
SUPERHORSE!

BAH!

**THE WHITE RIDER AND
SUPERHORSE..**



**STALK CRIME TO
ITS LAIR AGAIN
IN NEXT MONTH'S
BLUE BOLT**

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES



OLD CAP HAWKINS, RETIRED MARINER, ENTERTAINS HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, WITH TALES OF AMERICA'S TRADITIONS AND THE MEN WHO MADE THEM.

JOEY, MY BOY, IN TIMES OF GREAT TENSION, A STRONG MAN NEVER GETS RATTLED... LIKE THAT DAY AT MANILA BAY, FOR INSTANCE, WHEN DEWEY SAID ---



GEORGE DEWEY

"Fire when you are ready, Gridley!"



GEORGE DEWEY WAS BORN IN 1837 AT MONTPELIER, VERMONT, WHERE HE LIVED THE LIFE OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN BOY OF HIS TIME.





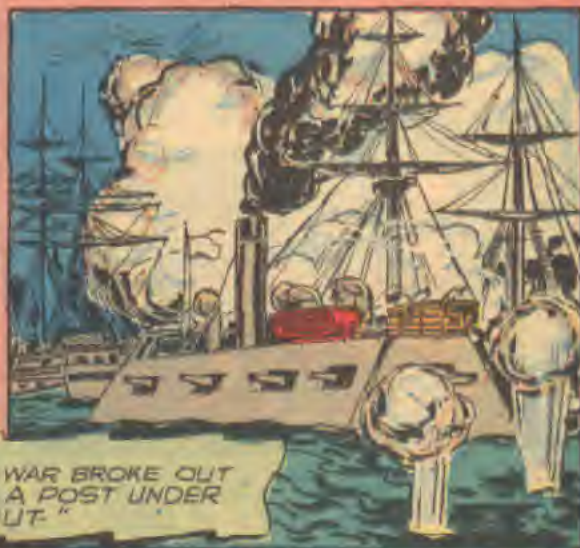
AS A YOUTH, HE WAS
SENT TO
ANNAPOLIS.



AND WAS GRADUATED AND
COMMISSIONED IN THE
UNITED STATES NAVY.



WHEN THE CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT
HE WAS GIVEN A POST UNDER
FARRAGUT.



WITH WHOM HE SERVED AT THE
BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS
AND ELSEWHERE.





SPAIN'S LONG MISMANAGEMENT OF CUBA HAD AROUSED GREAT UNREST--



"WHICH BEGAN TO BREAK OUT INTO BLOODY REVOLUTION IN 1895!"



THE SPANIARDS SHOULD BE DRIVEN OUT OF CUBA!

YES, AND WE OUGHT TO TAKE THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS AWAY FROM THEM TOO!

AROUSED BY THE DESPERATE PLIGHT OF THEIR NEIGHBORS, AMERICAN FEELINGS RAN HIGH.



AND IN THE ELECTION OF 1896, BOTH GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES DECLARED THEIR SYMPATHY FOR CUBA. WILLIAM McKINLEY WAS ELECTED.



"McKINLEY TRIED VAINLY TO PERSUADE SPAIN TO GRANT CUBA A DEGREE OF INDEPENDENCE."



THIS LETTER IS AN OUTRAGE! THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD ACT!

BUT PUBLICATION OF AN OFFENSIVE LETTER ABOUT McKINLEY BY THE SPANISH MINISTER SET THE COUNTRY ON EDGE--



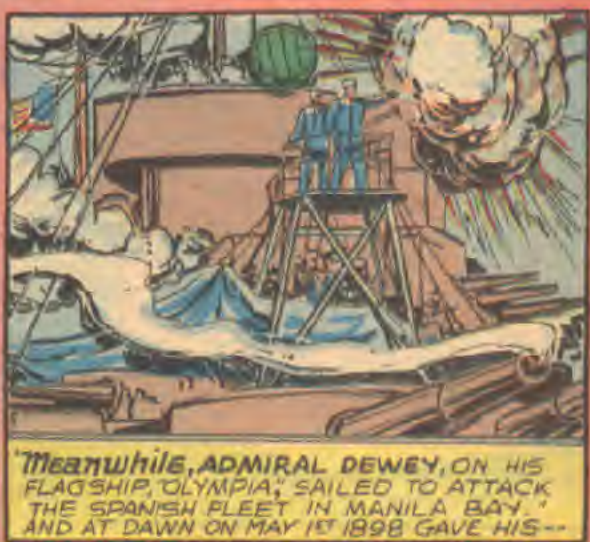
ON FEB. 15, 1898, THE U.S. BATTLESHIP MAINE, LYING IN HAVANA HARBOR--



"--WAS SUNK BY A MINE WITH GREAT LOSS OF AMERICAN LIVES!"



"--AND THE WAR WAS ON!"



"MEANWHILE, ADMIRAL DEWEY, ON HIS FLAGSHIP, 'OLYMPIA,' SAILED TO ATTACK THE SPANISH FLEET IN MANILA BAY, AND AT DAWN ON MAY 1ST 1898 GAVE HIS--



--FAMOUS ORDER TO HIS SUBORDINATE, GRIDLEY, WHICH RESULTED IN THE SINKING OF THE SPANISH FLEET WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A SINGLE AMERICAN LIFE!"



Edison BELL

by
RAY GILL
and
HAROLD
DELA Y

DIVING FOR BLACK PEARLS OFF A SOUTH SEA ISLAND HOLDS PLENTY OF ADVENTURE AND MYSTERY FOR EDISON BELL AND HIS PAL JERRY. WHEN THEY FOLLOW THE MAP THEY RECEIVED FROM A NATIVE DIVER THEY RESCUED THE NATIVE HAD BEEN HIT BY A SPEEDING YACHT WHILE DIVING IN THE BAY! WITH THE MAP WERE THREE BLACK PEARLS...



HE SHOWED HIS GRATITUDE, ALL RIGHT! THESE PEARLS ARE REAL! WHAT ABOUT THE MAP?

IT CERTAINLY LOOKS OLD!

GOSH! IT TELLS WHERE TO FIND MORE PEARLS!

LOOKS LIKE A PHONEY, TO ME! BESIDES... HOW WOULD WE EVER GET THERE?

LOOK OUT!

OH! OH! HE'LL RAM US IF HE DOESN'T STOP!

THE BOYS ARE IN A GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT THEY RENTED...

SUDDENLY JERRY SEES THE "HIT AND RUN" YACHT RETURNING!

HEY! YOU BIG LUG!
THESE WATERS
ARE SHARK-
INFESTED!

HAH!
HAH!

TAKE IT EASY, I'M NOT GOING
TO SPLASH YOU! HAH!
WHERE'S THE DIVER?
I SAW YOU PULL
HIM OUT!

A LOT
YOU CARE!
IF IT WASN'T
FOR EDDIE,
HERE, HE'D
HAVE
DROWNED!

THE HEAVY WAVES NEARLY OVERTURN THEM!

SO EDDIE'S A
HERO! WHAT'S
THAT GOING
TO GET HIM?

PLENTY! IF YOU
WEREN'T SUCH
A WISE GUY,
MAYBE YOU'D
HAVE GOTTEN
THE PEARLS
AND MAP!

OH! SO HE PAID YOU
OFF. HMM! WELL I
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT
AFTER ALL. I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW I HIT
HIM UNTIL
I SAW YOU
PULL HIM
OUT!

LET'S LET BY-GONES
BE BY-GONES!

THAT SEEMS TO
BE YOUR FAVORITE
TRICK... NEVER
LOOKING
BACK!

EASY, PAL.
EASY!

?

WHY YOU!

LOOK OUT,
EDDIE!

GRABBING THE NIGHTSMAN'S ARM
EDDIE PULLS HIM OFF THE YACHT!

HALP!

HA! HA!
POSITION
IN LIFE IS
EVERY-
THING!



SWELL! CALL ME FRANZ... AND DON'T FORGET, WE SPLIT IT THREE WAYS, IF WE FIND ANYTHING! HA! HA!

WE SAIL DUE SOUTHEAST TO VOLCANIC ISLANDS...

THAT COULD BE A FUNNY JOKE... I WONDER...?

RIGHT ON THE NOSE! THIS MAP IS GOOD, I TELL YOU!

WOW! WHAT IF THAT THING SHOULD BLOW UP?

TAGO TAGO ISLAND

VOLCANIC ISLANDS

SARGASSO SEA

TRUE AS A CLOCK THERE'RE THE ISLANDS SHOWN HERE ON THE MAP!

RIGHT!

MAJOR CORAL ISLE

MINOR CORAL ISLE

WE'LL DROP ANCHOR HERE FOR THE NIGHT! AND WE'D BETTER FIND THAT ISLAND TOMORROW! FOOD AND FUEL ARE LOW!

BLACK PEARL ISLAND

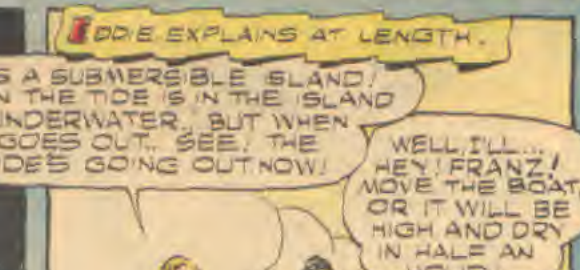
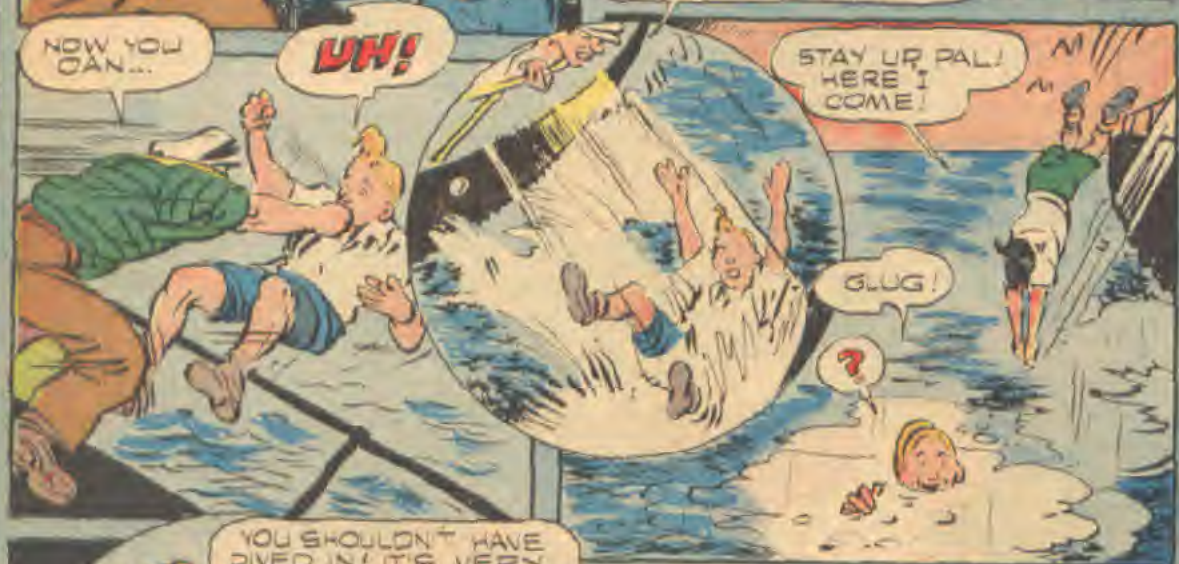
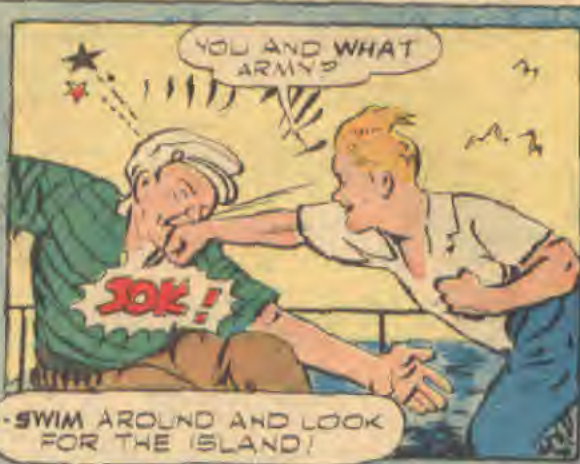
NEXT MORNING, ACCORDING TO THE MAP, BLACK PEARL ISLAND!

YOU SURE?

WHY!!? THERE'S NO ISLAND HERE!

THERE SHOULD BE! - ACCORDING TO THIS MAP!

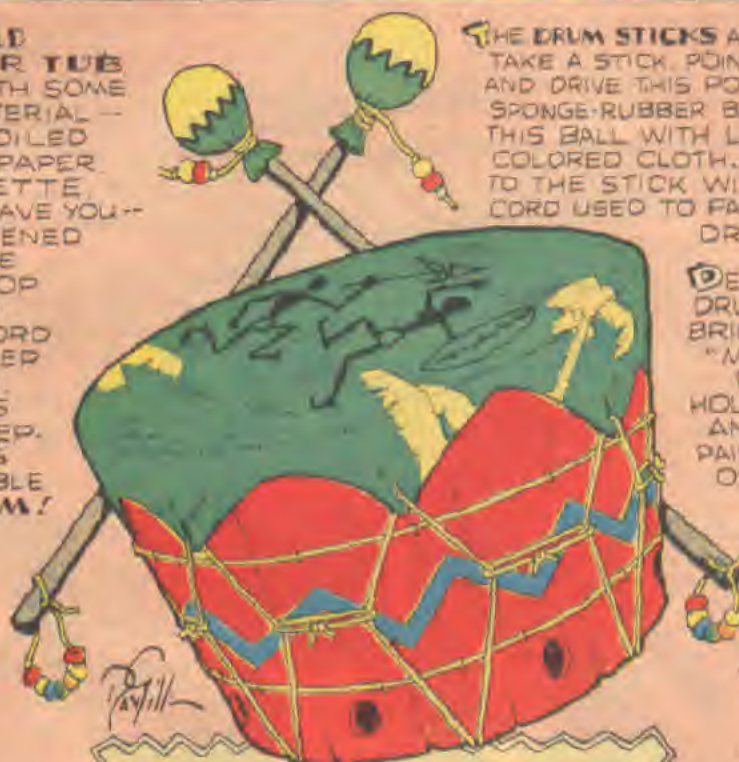
RIGHT, DEAR READER... NO LAND IN SIGHT!



EDISON BELL'S SOUTH SEA ISLAND Ceremonial DRUM

COLORFUL! ODD! Simple to MAKE!

AN OLD BUTTER TUB COVERED WITH SOME TOUGH MATERIAL — RAWHIDE, OILED WRAPPING PAPER, LEATHERETTE OR WHAT HAVE YOU — AND FASTENED TO THE OPEN TOP WITH HEAVY CORD OR LEATHER THONGS, PROVIDES A VERY DEEP, SOUNDING AND DURABLE **TOM TOM!**



THE DRUM STICKS ARE SIMPLY MADE. TAKE A STICK, POINT ONE END, AND DRIVE THIS POINT INTO A SMALL SPONGE-RUBBER BALL. THEN COVER THIS BALL WITH LEATHER OR COLORED CLOTH. BIND THE CLOTH TO THE STICK WITH THE SAME CORD USED TO FASTEN ON THE DRUM HEAD.

DECORATE THE DRUM HEAD WITH BRIGHTLY-COLORED "MATCH-STICK FIGURES" HOLDING SPEARS AND SHIELDS. PAINT THE SIDES OF THE DRUM ALSO. THEN -- TO FINISH THE JOB -- FURTHER DECORATE THE STICKS WITH LARGE COLORED BEADS.

THE DRUM IS ONE OF THE OLDEST, MOST PRIMITIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD. SOUTH SEA ISLAND NATIVES FIND A WIDE VARIETY OF USES FOR IT. LOVE ... MEDICINE ... RELIGION ... ENTERTAINMENT ... AND COMMUNICATION ... ARE ALL TO THE EXOTIC RHYTHM OF THE **TOM TOM!**



DRILL HOLES IN BASE FOR SOUND.

IF DRUM HEAD IS TO BE OF RAWHIDE, SOAK FIRST IN WATER ... THEN, WHEN DRY, IT WILL BE VERY TIGHT.

LACE CORD THROUGH HOLES



(BOTTOM VIEW) THEN BIND STICK TO CROSS CORDS TO KEEP IT FROM UNWINDING.



TO TIGHTEN THE DRUM HEAD MORE -- PULL SIDE CORDS TOGETHER WITH SHORT PIECES.



the PHANTOM SUB

By FCS



WHEN THE PHANTOM CREW SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACK CLOUD, LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE THAT THIS INCIDENT WAS TO BRING THEM FACE TO FACE WITH THE GREATEST MENACE THAT THEY HAD YET TO MEET!

WHILE THE PHANTOM SUB FOUGHT THE HUGE "BLACK CLOUD" DIRIGIBLE, INTERESTED SPECTATORS WATCHED FROM ABOVE.



WELL, KARL, THAT QUEER PLANE HAS SAVED US A LOT OF TROUBLE!

YES, THIS WILL MAKE THE COMMANDER VERY HAPPY!

THE MYSTERY PLANE TURNS AND ROARS AWAY.

YOU TOOK THE EXACT LOCATION OF THAT SPOT, KARL?

YES, I KNOW THE COMMANDER WILL CONDONE NO MISTAKES!



AFTER A SHORT FLIGHT, THE MYSTERY PLANE LANDS--



SUDDENLY, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS-- A HUGE SUBMARINE SURFACES UNDER THE PLANE, LIFTING IT NEATLY ONTO ITS DECK!



QUICKLY THE PLANE'S WINGS ARE FOLDED BACK AND IT IS PUSHED INTO A HANGAR ON THE SUB'S DECK!



QUICKLY THERE! TWO MINUTES MORE AND WE DIVE!

THE MYSTERIOUS SUB NOW SUBMERGES AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD SURFACED--



INSIDE THE MYSTERY SUB--

WELL?

A STRANGE AIRCRAFT ATTACKED THE DIRIGIBLE AND SENT IT DOWN IN FLAMES, SIR!

WE CHECKED THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE CRASH, COMMANDER!



GOOD! AT LAST WE WILL DISCOVER THE SECRET OF THAT LIGHTNING CANNON! THAT IS, IF ANYTHING REMAINS OF IT! HAVE THE SHIP SENT TO THE SPOT OF THE CRASH!

YES, SIR!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB--

BOY, OH BOY! THAT JU JITSU ON THE DIRIGIBLE WORKED GREAT, JACK!

YES, LUCKILY! NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT HOW THEIR LIGHTNING CANNON WORKED!--WE'LL DIVE AND LOOK OVER THE WRECKAGE!



THE HUGE WINGS ARE TELESCOPED INTO THE PHANTOM SUB'S SIDES, AND IT DIVES FOR THE OCEAN'S FLOOR!



WE CERTAINLY HIT IT ON THE NOSE... THERE'S THE WRECK!

TELL THREE OF THE BOYS TO GET INTO THEIR PORTABLE DIVING SUITS SLIM I'LL TAKE THEM WITH ME TO LOOK OVER THE WRECK!



USING THE RADIO-EQUIPPED FREE-DIVING HELMETS JACK AND THE OTHERS LEAVE THE SUB - -



IT SEEMS TO HAVE CRASHED RIGHT SIDE UP SO THAT MEANS THAT THE LIGHTNING CANNON SHOULD BE INSIDE!

WELL, LET'S GET IN THERE THEN, EH?



SO ENGROSSED ARE THEY IN THEIR INSPECTION OF THE WRECK, JACK AND THE OTHERS DO NOT SEE THE MYSTERY SUB AS IT APPROACHES.

BOARD THE MYSTERY SUB -

WHAT IS THAT?

LOOK KARL! IT'S THE STRANGE AIRCRAFT WHICH SHOT DOWN THE DIRIGIBLE AND NOW IT'S UNDER WATER??

OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! - IT'S THE PHANTOM SUB!



THE PHANTOM SUB? WONDERFUL! WE WILL FINISH IT OFF AS WELL AS GAIN THE LIGHTNING CANNON! - - - ORDER THE TANKS TO ATTACK!



OUT FROM THE SIDE OF THE MYSTERY SUB RUMBLES A SMALL TANK!... AND THEN ANOTHER TANK!



JACK AND THE OTHERS ARE STILL UNAWARE OF THE APPROACHING MENACE, WHEN SUDDENLY!



YEEOW! LOOK! TANKS! THEY FIRED AT US!

BOY! IF THAT SHELL HAD LANDED ANY CLOSER THE CONCUSSION WOULD HAVE KILLED US!

WHAT HAPPENED?



WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! RUN FOR THE SUB!



COME ON!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

THERE'S NO TIME TO WONDER. START THE MOTORS!



THE UNDERWATER TANK'S TEMPORARILY BAFFLE THE PHANTOM CREW, SO THEY SEEK REFUGE IN RETREAT!



GOSH, JACK! MY BONES ACHE ALL OVER FROM THE CONCUSSIONS!

BOARD THE PHANTOM SUB.

SWING THE SUB IN A WIDE ARC AND APPROACH THE WRECKAGE FROM A SOUTHERLY DIRECTION! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!



SO, APPROACHING THE SCENE FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, THE PHANTOM SUB IS GUIDED INTO A MASS OF UNDER-SEA GROWTH.



FROM THIS HIDING PLACE, THE PHANTOM CREW SEES THE MYSTERY SUB APPROACH THE TANKS.



INSIDE THE MYSTERY SUB.

GREAT WORK, TANK CREWS! YOUR JOB NOW IS TO DRAG THAT WRECKAGE TO THE BASE.



WHILE ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB.

I DIDN'T GET IT ALL, JACK, BUT THE BIG SUB IS LEAVING AND THE TANKS WERE INSTRUCTED TO TOW THE WRECKAGE TO A BASE!



FINE! THAT LEAVES US ONLY THE TANKS TO DEAL WITH!

AS THE MYSTERY SUB LEAVES AND THE TANKS START TO TOW THE WRECKAGE, THE PHANTOM CREW PREPARES FOR ACTION.



GO HIGH IN THE WATER, AND THEN DIVE FOR THE TANK ON THE LEFT!

THE SUB DIVES AT TOP SPEED.

SWING OUT THE CLAW!



THE SALVAGE CLAW GRASPS ONE OF THE TANK'S TREADS, AND --



WHEN THE PHANTOM SUB FLIPS THE TANK OVER ON ITS BACK - WHERE IT LIES LIKE A HUGE TURTLE!

BOY! JUST LIKE MAKING GRIDDLE CAKES!

THE DISABLED TANK SUMMONS THE OTHER TANK TO ITS AID BY RADIO, BUT THE PHANTOM SUB SWIRLS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WRECKAGE!

HEY! WHAT GOES ON?

DOWN THE SALVAGE CLAW GRASPS THE PRIZED WRECKAGE.

AND BEFORE THE TANKS CAN STOP IT, THE PHANTOM SUB MAKES OFF WITH THE WRECKAGE!

LATER, AT THE MYSTERY SUB'S BASE...

WHERE ARE THOSE TANKS? THEY SHOULD BE HERE NOW!

HERE THEY COME!

THE COMMANDER LEARNS WHAT HAPPENED...

YOU FOOLS! JUST WHEN THE LIGHTNING CANNON WAS UNDER YOUR NOSES! GET OUT THE PLANE! FIND THAT PHANTOM SUB'S BASE AND CONTACT ME BY RADIO!

THE SWIFT PURSUIT PLANE TAKES OFF TO FIND THE PHANTOM SUB...

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THESE TWO MARVELOUS UNDERSEA CRAFT MEET? MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT COMICS!

SUB-ZERO



The STORY BEGINS WITH A SERIES OF STRANGE INCIDENTS! -- A FACTORY IS BLOWN SKY-HIGH, A FREIGHT TRAIN JUMPS THE RAILS, A MILLION-DOLLAR BOMBER CRASHES IN FLAMES! -- INCIDENTS THAT CAN BE SUMMED UP BY THE DREAD WORD -- **SABOTAGE!**

DYNAMITE WAS THE CHIEF INGREDIENT OF A PLOT AIMED AT THE NATION'S DEFENSE PROGRAM, UNTIL **SUB-ZERO** AND HIS PAL, FREEZUM, INTRODUCED A NEW ELEMENT -- COLD BLASTS! -- CHILLY ENOUGH TO MAKE THE MOST HARDENED SABOTEUR SHUDDER!



AS HAUSE ENTERS A SUBWAY TRAIN, WE SEE TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES AMONG THE PASSENGERS -- SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM!



AS THE TRAIN STARTS ---



A CONDUCTOR STOPS THE TRAIN! --- SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM LEAD TO THE TRACKS,



INTRODUCING BARON RIEMAN, FOREIGN AGENT AND HEAD OF THE SABOTAGE RING!

SO HAUSE WANTS TO SEE ME, EH? MORE MONEY, I SUPPOSE! WELL, SHOW HIM IN!



A PALE, RABBIT-FACED MAN IS USHERED INTO RIEMAN'S NEW YORK APARTMENT.

GOOD EVENING, HAUSE! TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE OF THIS VISIT?

NOTHIN' MUCH -- ONLY I'M GONNA QUIT, SEE? I'M THROUGH WITH SABOTAGE, DESTROYIN' THINGS, KILLIN' PEOPLE! THROUGH!



ONE DOESN'T QUIT OUR PECULIAR PROFESSION AS EASILY AS TH--

DON'T THREATEN ME! IF YOU TRY ANYTHING FUNNY, I'LL SQUEAL TO THE F.B.I.!



INFORMER, EH? DO YOU FORGET WHAT THE SECRET POLICE CAN DO TO YOUR AGED MOTHER IN THE FATHERLAND?

YEOW! ... I--I--FORGOT, BOSS! SKIP IT! I WON'T SQUEAL! HONEST! I WAS ONLY KIDDIN'!



GET OUT! YOU HAVE YOUR LATEST ASSIGNMENT!-

Y-YES, BOSS! I'LL GO! I'LL DO ANYTHING!



SUDDENLY RIEMAN'S RAGE-TWISTED FEATURES GIVE WAY TO A MASK OF FRIENDSHIP!

ONE MOMENT! LET'S SHAKE HANDS! I PREFER HARMONY WITH MY AGENTS! HARMONY! HEH! HEH!

YEAH, SURE. HARMONY! OKAY, BOSS! SO LONG!



AFTER HAUSE DEPARTS--

I FEAR THAT NEITHER THREATS NOR HAND-SHAKING HAS PERSUADED HAUSE TO MY WAY OF THINKING! PERHAPS THIS IS THE BEST PERSUADER, AFTER ALL!





HE'S GOING UP
THAT STAIRWAY!

OUT OF
THE WAY!

EEEK!
--A
GUN!

RACING THROUGH
THE STATION,
SUB-ZERO AND
FREEZUM ARE
FORCED TO
STRAIN THEIR
TO AVOID INJURING
THE CROWD...



HE GOT AWAY!
LET'S GO BACK TO
THE SUBWAY CAR
AND LOOK OVER
THE VICTIM!



DEAD AS A
DOORNAIL!

WE FOUND THESE IN HIS
POCKETS -- A LETTER FROM
HIS MOTHER IN EUROPE,
AND A MATCH-FOLDER.
I SUSPECT HE WAS A REFUGEE
BUMPED OFF BY THE SECRET POLICE
OF A FOREIGN POWER!

I WONDER --
LET'S HAVE A LOOK
AT THE MATCHES!



HMM --- THIS FOLDER
ADVERTISES A HOTEL IN
HARITOWN ... HARITOWN!
WHY, THAT'S NEAR HOLDER
DAM --- THE SOURCE OF
POWER FOR SEVERAL
BIG DEFENSE
INDUSTRIES!



GRABBING THE ESKIMO BOYS
HAND, SUB-ZERO RUSHES TO
THE STREET AND HAILS A TAXI ...

WHATUM
HURRY
?

I'VE A HUNCH HAUSE'S
MURDER IS TIED UP WITH
THAT RECENT WAVE OF
SABOTAGE! ... DRIVER!
TAKE US TO THE CENTRAL
RAILROAD DEPOT AT ONCE!



WERE ON OUR WAY, KID!
--HOPE WE CAN
CRACK THIS
MYSTERY!

ME, TOO!
MAYBE
GET SOME
SLEEPUM!

AS SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM WALK DOWN THE AISLE, THEY PASS A MAN WHO CAREFULLY HIDES HIS FACE BEHIND A NEWSPAPER ---

THROUGH DIS CARTO YOLAH BERTHS!

RIEMAN!

I TOOK THIS TRAIN BECAUSE I HAD TO WORK FAST! AND NOW THEY ARE MY FELLOW PASSENGERS-- BUT NOT FOR LONG!

THE SABOTEUR GOES TO HIS COMPARTMENT AND OPENS A VALISE ---

MY PORTABLE ARSENAL! WHAT SHALL I USE? HMM... THE FLAME-THROWER SHOULD BE ADEQUATE!

HE SLINKS INTO A PULLMAN AS THE TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT!

THE SENIOR MEMBER OF THIS FIRM OF WALKING REFRIGERATORS IS IN THE UPPER BERTH! I'LL GET HIM FIRST!

!!!
A NOISEUM!

THE JUNIOR MEMBER OF THE "FIRM" POPS HIS HEAD OUT OF HIS BERTH! --

FUNNY BUSINESS! COLD BLAST STOPPUM!

WHEN HEAT AND COLD MEET!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO --- WHAT THE --? HIS BLAST TURNED THE FLAME ASIDE!

?

--AND THE FLAME STOPPED MY BLASTUM! NO ONE WIN!

SUB-ZERO TAKES A HAND IN THE PROCEEDINGS---OR RATHER, A FOOT!



WOW!
HIS FOOT'S
CAKED
WITH
ICE!

GOOD THING
THE KID'S A
LIGHT
SLEEPER!

RECOVERING, RIEMAN BACKS AWAY UNDER COVER OF HIS FLAME!



THEY CAN'T DO A
THING TO ME WHILE
I'VE GOT THIS
THING GOING!

WHAT
THE...?

UNABLE TO "NAIL" RIEMAN, SUB-ZERO BLASTS THE CEILING ABOVE THE SABOTEUR'S HEAD!



?

!

WOW!
BROKEN
GLASS!

STILL ON HIS FEET, RIEMAN WHIPS OUT A PISTOL---



LIKE MANY OF YOUR
MOTION PICTURE
COWBOYS, I'M A TWO-
GUN MAN!
HA! HA!

EE-EE!

BANG.

THE BULLET CREASES SUB-ZERO'S SKULL!



YEOW!

PULL IN YER
HEAD, MAW--
IF YOU DON'T
WANT IT
BLOWN OFF!

?

AS THE TRAIN SLOWS DOWN FOR A STATION, RIEMAN LEAPS TO A FREIGHT MOVING SLOWLY IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.



AH!--THIS
IS A
BREAK!

I'LL BACK-TRACK
TO CENTERVILLE!
I CAN CHARTER
A PLANE AT
THE AIRPORT
THERE!

Meanwhile—SUB-ZERO
REGAINS HIS SENSES...

HOWUM
FEEL
?

OKAY---BUT
I'D FEEL A LOT
BETTER IF I
HAD THAT KILLER
ON ICE!

KILLER!
OH-OH!



HARITOWN...

NO USE INQUIRING AT
THE HOTEL ABOUT HAUSE!
I'M CERTAIN THE DAM'S
SLATED FOR
SABOTAGE!
LET'S
GO!

TOOT!
TOOT!



THEY HIRE AN ANCIENT CAB TO HOLDER DAM...

THERE'S ONE
OF THE BIGGEST
COGS IN THE
DEFENSE MACHINE!
HOPE WE GOT
HERE IN TIME
TO SAVE IT!

THANKS!
YOU'LL HAVE
TO HIKE
THE REST
OF THE
WAY!

LOOKUM
NICE AND
QUIET!

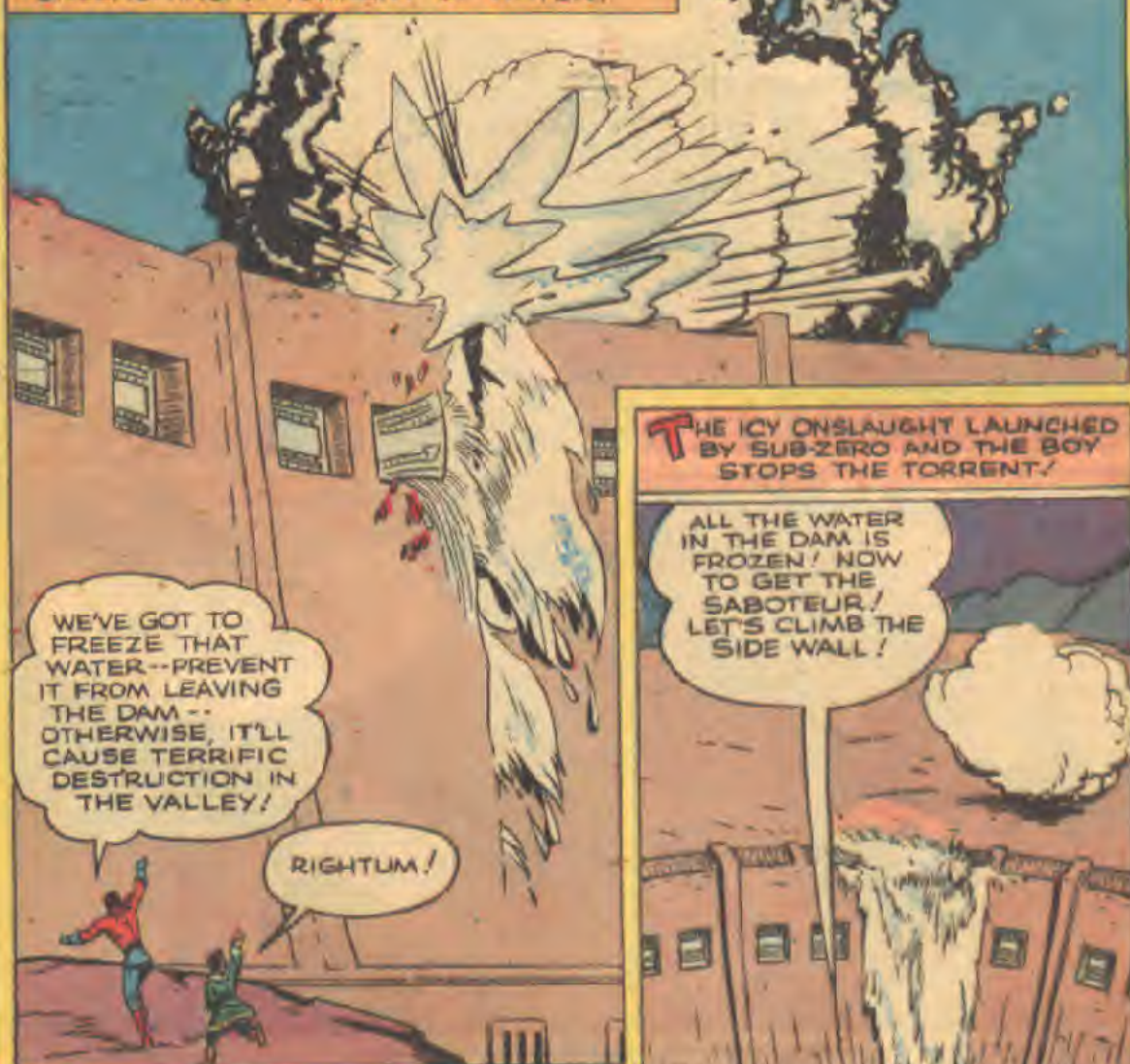


NICE AND QUIET--!
IF THEY ONLY KNEW!

THAT PLANE
MADE FINE
TIME!
I CAN WORK HERE
UNDISTURBED!
HERE GOES
WITH THE
T.N.T.!



WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR, ONE OF THE DAM'S SLUICE-GATES BLOWS UP, UNLEASHING A TORRENT OF WATER!



WE'VE GOT TO FREEZE THAT WATER--PREVENT IT FROM LEAVING THE DAM--OTHERWISE, IT'LL CAUSE TERRIFIC DESTRUCTION IN THE VALLEY!

RIGHTUM!

THE ICY ONSLAUGHT LAUNCHED BY SUB-ZERO AND THE BOY STOPS THE TORRENT!



ALL THE WATER IN THE DAM IS FROZEN! NOW TO GET THE SABOTEUR! LET'S CLIMB THE SIDE WALL!

USING ICE TO STRENGTHEN THEIR GRIP, THE TWO ASCEND!



CAREFUL, KID! IT'S SOME DROP!

AT TOP THE WALL ...



A GUARD--KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS! THE SABOTEUR HAD TO DO THAT TO WORK FREELY!

SABOTEURUM THERE! HIM FIXUM ROPE TO GO DOWN!

ACROSS THE DAM, SUB-ZERO HURLS A BLAST AT RIEMAN, BUT -----



TURNED THE BLAST ASIDE AGAIN! VERY NEAT!

HE'S OVER THE WALL! WELL, IF I CAN'T GET HIM, MAYBE I CAN GET HIS ROPE!



THE NEXT ICY SHAFT SLICES THE ROPE IN TWO, AND -----



A-I-Y-I-E-E!

I'M FALLING!



SUB-ZERO HURRIES DOWN AND FINDS RIEMAN BADLY HURT. HE CONFESSES!



I---KILLED HAUSE---
I WAS HEAD OF RING---
NAMES OF OTHER
AGENTS---IN BOOK
IN POCKET---
I---I'M THROUGH---
UHHH!

GO TO THE NEAREST PHONE AND SUMMON AN AMBULANCE! YOU MIGHT ALSO SEND FOR LABORERS--



--TO FIX THIS WALL! I'LL KEEP THE WATER FROZEN TILL THEY FINISH THE JOB!



OKUM!

AFTER THE DAM IS REPAIRED ...

WELL, BOYS, YOU CAME THROUGH AGAIN! GETTING TO BE A HABIT, ISN'T IT?

UM! GOODUM HABIT!



SUB-ZERO
HAS A SURPRISE
NEXT MONTH IN
BLUE BOLT!

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

MAN! WHAT A FLASHLIGHT!



REX Ristlite **98¢**
COMPLETE WITH BATTERIES

Here's the slickest flashlight that ever lit a trail! Imagine! A flashlight that snaps on your wrist like a wristwatch, that throws a brilliant *five-hundred foot* beam of light wherever you point your hand, yet leaves *both* hands free!

Nothing like it ever before! This new Rex Ristlite gives you light *where* you want it, *when* you want it. No need to juggle it around in your hand. No danger of dropping it. Or you can stand it alone, hang it on the wall, clip it on your belt. Man, this flashlight is like an extra hand!



POSTAL TELEGRAPH
BOYS NOW USE REX
RISTLITE FOR NIGHT
DELIVERIES

Think of the year 'round fun you can have with this great new flashlight! On your bike, skating, hiking, coasting, camping, sending important semaphore code messages . . . all with a flick of the wrist. And these are just a few of the hundreds of keen ways you can use your streamlined, stream-lighted Ristlite!

Ristlite is a beauty to look at, too. Built of the same material as Uncle Sam's new experimental fighting planes . . . tough, streamlined plastic that can take a beating and still look like a million. Its G-E pre-focussed bulb, specially designed reflector and unbreakable lens give both spotlight and flood-light beams.

Be the first of the gang to have one of these two-fisted man-of-action flashlights. Get one now!



FOR REPAIR JOBS



FOR CAMPING



FOR FISHING

Mail your order today . . . Use coupon below . . . Print name and address

TREASURE HOUSE DEPT. . . . 115 W. 19th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 98c . . . Rush my RISTLITE to me.

[Enclose coin between two pieces of cardboard]

Name _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____



MO-198
Sterling Silver

Mother or sister will appreciate wearing subtle style of these two birthstone rings. Be sure to give month of birth and size of ring.49c



MO-199—Gold Filled

MO-124



More popular than ever. Carries coins in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket. Card pocket at each end. Snap fastener. State initial to be stamped.

RUBBERIZED LEATHER (MO-124).... 35c

GUARANTEED ALL LEATHER (MO-124A) 47c

MO-200

THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED! A WONDERFUL GIFT FOR DAD



KEY KNIFE

Cut is actual size. Key chain included . . . A handy thing to have in your pocket . . . another gift for Dad.29c



MO-189



MO-147

You'll need this Skate Sharpener. Only 2" long . . . can be carried in your pocket. Illustrated instructions for using included. Keep your skates sharp for only25c

In Gift Box.....\$1.00

Once he has used it, the Christy Sport Knife will have as warm a place in his heart as his favorite fishing rod . . . Neat, handy, useful, and durable . . . Stainless steel frame, satin finish. Blade of finest razor steel.

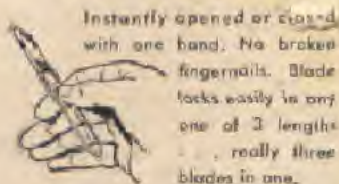


MO-182

KEE-LITE

A combination key holder and pocket flashlight. Great for a gift.....32c

THREE BLADES IN ONE



Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.

GRAPHO-SCOPE

Insert any picture you wish to reproduce in this novel outfit . . . look through the eyepiece . . . and you'll find the image of the picture on the drawing surface. Then . . . all you need to do is to trace the lines of the image. No electricity or special light necessary. Fine for making maps and practice in drawing. Complete instruction book included \$1.10

MO-201



MO-149

Just the thing to keep your "head and ears" warm on cold wintry days and nights. Mighty good looking too. Woolen, Jumbo knit. Royal blue with white trim.60c



Send Your Order and Remittance to



Treasure House Dept.
115 West 19th Street
New York, N. Y.
NOVELTY PRESS INC.



Customers living outside the United States must remit in U.S. currency only and must pay all duty charges on delivery of merchandise.